FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division
Section
SCB
6127

Jacob Slater.

March 25th 1838

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF

THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH,

IN

The United States of America.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 15 1936
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PUBLISHED BY THE SYNOD OF SAID CHURCH.

Praise ye the Lord.—Ps. cxlvi. 1.
With my song will I praise him.—Ps. xxviii. 7.

THIRD EDITION.

BALTIMORE:

JAMES LUCAS & E. K. DEAVER, PRINTERS,

No. 19, South Calvert Street.

1836

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1834, by DANIEL ZACHARIAS and BERNARD C. WOLFF, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

EXTRACT

From the Minutes of Synod held at Hagerstown, Maryland, September, 1830.

THE prevalence of the English language having necessarily led to its introduction into many of our Churches, the following resolution was submitted to the Synod by the Classis of Maryland:

Resolved, That Synod be requested to prepare for publication, a Hymn Book in the English language, for the use of the Church.

The Synod approved this resolution, and

Resolved, That the Classis of Maryland be appointed a Committee, to make a selection of Psalms and Hymns, and to submit the same to Synod for their approbation. The Classis having reported at a meeting of Synod, held at Hagerstown, Md. September, 1830, that they had accomplished the work assigned them, and were ready to submit it to Synod for their inspection, a Committee was appointed by the Synod, to examine the same. The Committee in their report expressed their satisfaction with the work, and recommended it to the Synod for adoption and immediate publication, under the superintendence of Rev. MARTIN BRUNER, in conjunction with another member of their body. Their report was adopted, and Synod

Resolved, That the Rev. JAMES R. REILY and MARTIN BRUNER be appointed a Committee, to superintend the publication of said Hymn Book.

Extract from the Minutes of Synod, held at Easton, Pennsylvania, September, 1833.

The committee on the English Hymn Book reported, that the first edition was sold, and recommended the following resolutions to Synod, which were adopted.

1. That a second edition of said Hymn Book be published with as little delay as possible.

2. That a selection of additional Hymns on various subjects, not exceeding 125, be made and added to it as an appendix.

The Rev. Messrs. DANIEL ZACHARIAS and B. C. WOLFF were appointed a committtee to carry the above resolutions into effect.

At subsequent meetings of Synod, the same committee were continued, with instructions to procure the publication of a third edition of the Hymn Book, when it should be deemed necessary.

PSALMS.

PSALM 1. S. M.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Amidst their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Throughout the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root,
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 Not so the ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM 2. *First Part.* L. M.

God the Father vindicates his Messiah.

1 WHY did the heathen madly rage,
And why the Jews conspire in vain?
Why kings and rulers all engage,
To oppose Messiah's gracious reign?

2 "Come let us break his bands," they say,
"We'll ne'er be govern'd by his laws:"
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd Messiah to the cross.

3 But God the Father, from his throne,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls:
He'll vex their hearts with pains unknown,
And speak in thunder to their souls

4 "I'll vindicate the king I made,
"On Zion's everlasting hill;
"My hand shall bring him from the dead,
"And he shall reign, Messiah still."

PSALM 2. *Second Part.* L. M.

God the Son reveals the divine decree.

1 THE eternal Son with pow'r array'd,
Declares th' unchangeable decree:
"Thou art my Son," the Father said,
"This day have I begotten thee.

2 "For sin thou'st offer'd up thy soul,
"And thou'st a right to intercede;
"Thy life shall last while ages roll,
"And thou shalt see a num'rous seed.

3 "Ask then, my Son, and I will give
"The heathen for thy vast domain;
"The utmost ends of earth receive,
"And boundless be thy blessed reign.

4 "But nations that resist thy grace,
"Shall fall beneath thine iron stroke;

"Thy rod shall crush thy foes with ease,
"As potter's earthen work is broke."

PSALM 2. *Third Part.* L. M.

God the Holy Ghost invites and warns persecutors and infidels.

1 "NOW," saith the Spirit of the Lord,
To those who sit on earthly thrones;
"Rejoice with trembling at his word,
"And at his feet submit your crowns.

2 "With faith and love address the Son,
"Lest he grow angry and ye die:
"His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
"If ye provoke his jealousy.

3 "His frowns shall drive you quick to hell,
"For he is God, and ye but dust;
"Happy the souls that know him well,
"And make his grace their only trust."

PSALM 3. *First Part.* L. M.

A Morning Psalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more

4 But God sustain'd me all the night:
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM 3. *Second Part.* C. M.

God our defence from sin and Satan.

1 MY God, the tempter would persuade,
There's no relief in heaven,
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

2 But thou, my righteousness and strength,
Shall on the tempter tread:
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

3 I cri'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a listening ear;
I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

4 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.

5 What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood;
Terrors no more shall shake my soul:
My refuge is my God.

6 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing;
For Christ hath broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

7 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM 4. *First Part.* C. M.

God our portion and Christ our hope.

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;

Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain you try
To turn my glory into shame:
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in Christ alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favours so divine,
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their corn, and all their wine.

PSALM 4. *Second Part.* C. M.

An Evening Psalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,

Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. C. M.

For the Lord's day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy:

While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

PSALM 6. C. M.

Complaint in sickness.

1 IN anger, Lord, do not chastise,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thine awful wrath arise
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
And count the minutes as they pass,
'Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
My eyes consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand afford relief?

5 He hears his mourning children speak,
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM 7. C. M.

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

1 MY trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in thee my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay my honour low.

4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r control;
Awake to judgment and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 Tho' leagu'd in guile, their malice spread
A snare before my way;
Their mischiefs on their impious head
His vengeance shall repay.

9 That cruel, persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword:
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM 8. *First Part.* S. M.

The sovereignty and goodness of God.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine,
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man? that worthless thing,
A-kin to dust and worms!

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

PSALM 8. *Second Part.* L. M.

Adam and Christ.

1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place!

2 That shou should'st raise his nature so
And make him lord of all below;

Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet!

3 But O, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made:
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin:
Yet he shall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 8. *Third Part.* L. M.

The Hosannah of the Children.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policy confound.

PSALM 9. *First Part.* C. M.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou sovereign judge of right and wrong
Wilt put thy foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
Whose works his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9. *Second Part.* C. M.

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Doth his own children raise:
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known,
When men of mischief are destroy'd
In snares that were their own.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain;
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.

PSALM 10. C. M.

Prayer heard, and Saints saved; or, Pride, Atheism, and Oppression punished.

For a day of Humiliation.

1 WHY doth the Lord depart so far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy laws?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight thy righteous cause?

3 They cast thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor:
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;

No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side.

6 But thou for ever art our Lord;
And pow'rful is thy hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess,
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11. L. M.

God loves the righteous and hates the wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove
To distant woods or mountains fly?"

2 If government be once destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace,)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
His eye surveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eyelids search our spirits through.

4 If he afflict his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,

What must the bold transgressors fear!
His soul abhors their wicked ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death;
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM 12. *First Part.* L. M.

Safety and hope in evil times.

1 ALMIGHTY God, appear and save,
For vice and vanity prevail;
The godly perish in the grave,
The just depart, the faithful fail.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.

4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry,
"Our tongue shall be controll'd by none;
"Where is the Lord will ask us why;
"Or say our lips are not our own?"

5 The Lord who sees the poor oppress'd,
And hears the oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear;

Not silver seven times purify'd
From dross and mixture shines so clear

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Though, when the vilest men have pow'r,
On every side will sinners swarm.

PSALM 12. *Second Part.* C. M.

The Lord will judge the wicked, and save his people.

1 LORD, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold;
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

2 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not giv'n the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

3 "Now," saith the Lord, "Now will I rise,
"And make oppressors flee;
"I will appear to their surprise,
"And set my servants free."

4 Thy word like silver sev'n times try'd,
Through ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promise sure.

PSALM 13. C. M.

Complaint under temptation.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?

Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
Should I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
To see thy long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terror of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Whence all my comforts spring;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

PSALM 14. *First Part.* C. M.

By nature all men are sinners.

1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
"That all religion's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,

To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM 14. *Second Part.* C. M.

The folly of persecutors.

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust:
Great God, confound their pride.

4 Oh! that the joyful day was come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM 15. L. M.

The character of a Saint; or, the qualifications of a Christian.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And lives and walks by faith below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the things they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise;
But saints are honour'd in his eyes

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face:
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 16. *First Part.* L. M.

Confession of our poverty; and Saints the best company.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,

But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd,
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth can reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM 16. *Second Part.* L. M.

The sufficiency of Christ.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to see some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life hath offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd,
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM 16. *Third Part.* L. M.

Support in death, and hope of the resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:

Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
For Christ hath triumph'd o'er the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discov'ries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM 17. *First Part.* S. M.

The portion of Saints and Sinners.

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee,
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold, the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,

Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM 17. *Second Part.* L. M.

The hope and heaven of believers.

1 LORD, I am thine: but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek: they take their shares;
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value I resign:
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM 18. *First Part.* L. M.

Deliverance from Despair.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
(Which none but they that feel can tell)
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
And prov'd his saving grace divine.

5 With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful, and bright as lightning, shone
The face of my deliv'rer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his Almighty breath:
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still,
In all the wars the proud can wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

PSALM 18. *Second Part.* L. M.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast form'd my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
Thy love reclaim'd my wand'ring heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

4 The sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 And men that love revenge shall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too:
The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they.

PSALM 18. *Third Part.* L. M.

Rejoicing in God.

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield:
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessings crown his reign,
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are vain,
While heavenly peace my father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

PSALM 18. *Fourth Part.* C. M.

Victory over temporal enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tow'r,
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our gen'rals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill:
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own children's sake;
The pow'rs that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM 18. *Fifth Part.* C. M.

The Conqueror's Song.

1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful as our God?

5 The God of Israel ever lives;
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

PSALM 19. *First Part.* S. M.

The book of nature and Scripture.

1 BEHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;

They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye western lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 19. *Second Part.* S. M.

The word of God most excellent.

1 BEHOLD! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;

For ever sure, thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
Oh may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry sin,
Forgive my secret faults:
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad:
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM 19. *Third Part.* L. M.

The book of nature and Scripture compared.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:

So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
'Till through the world thy truth has run;
'Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM 20. L. M.

Prayer in time of war.

1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls:
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts:
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up;
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;

Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

6 Oh may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hope be firm and strong;
'Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21. *First Part.* C. M.

Pious rulers are the care of heaven.

1 OUR rulers, Lord, with songs of praise
Should in thy strength rejoice;
And blest with thy salvation raise
To heav'n their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread their honours far;
And their successful measures crown'd
Alike in peace and war.

3 Then let them still on God rely
For wisdom, and for grace;
His mercy shall their wants supply,
And save our happy race.

PSALM 21. *Second Part.* C. M.

A song of praise for peace and national blessings.

1 IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favour'd realms rejoice;
And blest with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, from foes around,
Hath spread our rising name,
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame.

3 In deep distress our injur'd land
Implor'd thy pow'r to save;
For peace we pray'd; thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

4 Thy mighty arm, eternal pow'r,
Oppos'd their deadly aim;
In mercy swept them from our shore,
And spread their sails with shame.

5 On thee, in want, in wo, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
To thine Almighty name.

PSALM 21. *Third Part.* L. M.

Christ exalted to the kingdom.

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand?
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Whate'er he wills thy goodness gives,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings attend him while he lives,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Around his sacred temples shine,
Th' Eternal's uncreated rays:
All pow'r is his, and grace divine,
And length of everlasting days.

5 But as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat, and burning coals,
Thy vengeance shall consume his foes:
Thy wrath devour their guilty souls.

PSALM 22. *First Part.* C. M.

Christ forsaken on the cross.

1 MY God, my God, why hast thou left
My soul without relief!
Of thy blest smiles to be bereft,
Exceeds all other grief.

2 But thou art holy, O my God,
And wilt not spare thy Son;
As Saviour, he must bear the load,
And taste the curse alone.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm despis'd of men
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head, they pass me by
And laugh my soul to scorn:
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 Yet thou art he who form'd my flesh,
By thine almighty word,
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up

7 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

8 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thine hand:
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And raise at thy command.

PSALM 22. *Second Part.* C. M.

Christ crucified.

1 WRITHING in pain, our Saviour pray'd
With mighty cries and tears:
In that dread hour, his Father heard,
And chas'd away his fears.

2 Great was the vict'ry of his death;
His throne exalted high:
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.

3 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

4 The meek and humble soul shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord, shall be
With joys immortal fed.

5 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22. *Third Part.* L. M.

The sufferings and glory of Christ.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn;

"He rescu'd others from the grave,
"Now let him try himself to save."

3 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot, his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

4 But God, his Father, heard his cry,
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23. *First Part.* L. M.

Jesus is my Shepherd.

1 JESUS, my Lord, doth condescend,
To be my shepherd and my friend,
I on his faithfulness rely,
His cares shall all my wants supply.

2 In pastures green he doth me lead,
And there in safety makes me feed:
Refreshing streams are ever nigh,
My thirsty soul to satisfy.

3 When stray'd or languid, I complain,
His grace revives my soul again;
For his name's sake, in ways upright,
He makes me walk with great delight.

4 Yea, when death's gloomy vale I tread,
With joy, e'en there, I'll lift my head;
From fear and dread he'll keep me free,
His rod and staff shall comfort me.

5 A table stor'd with living bread,
In spite of foes, Lord, thou hast spread;
Thou dost my head with oil anoint,
And a full cup for me appoint.

6 Goodness and mercy shall to me,
Thro' all my life extended be;

And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
I'll dwell with thee for evermore.

PSALM 23. *Second Part.* S. M.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24. *First Part.* L. M.

Saints dwell in Heaven.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;

Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour, bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PSALM 24. *Second Part.* L. M.

Christ's Ascension.

1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh;
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

2 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell

3 Rais'd from the dead in royal state,
He opens heaven's eternal gate,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25. *First Part.* S. M.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light,
'Till the dark ev'ning rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake,
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great,)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25. *Second Part.* S. M.

Divine Instruction.

1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God:
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secret of his heart;
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as in his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face:
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALM 25. *Third Part.* S. M.

Distress of soul.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord:
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring my salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways,
My wand'ring feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my wo;
My spirit languishes; my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With ev'ry morning light
My grief anew begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

6 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait,
To see thy face again:
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM 26. L. M.

Self-examination; or, Evidences of grace.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanities and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Among thy saints will I appear,
With hands well wash'd in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27. *First Part.* C. M.

The Church is our delight and safety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode,
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;

Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. *Second Part.* C. M.

Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die;
My God would make my life his care
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
Thy grace would soon provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope

PSALM 28. L. M.

God the refuge of the afflicted.

1 TO thee, O Lord, I raise my cries;
My fervent prayer in mercy hear;
For ruin waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.

2 When suppliant tow'rd thy holy hill
I lift my mournful hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me still,
With impious hypocrites, away.

3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
The works and wonders of thy reign,
Thy vengeance gives the due reward,
And sinks their souls to endless pain.

4 But ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice,
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.

5 Let ev'ry saint, in sore distress,
By faith approach his Saviour, God;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace,
And feed thy church with heav'nly food.

PSALM 29. L. M.

Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
Thro' ev'ry ocean, ev'ry land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and tempests, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forests bare around;

The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30. L. M.

Sickness healed.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak, and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

4 Firm was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

5 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;

Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

6 I cri'd aloud to thee, my God:
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the dust can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy glories there?

7 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead;"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

8 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

9 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name:
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n,
For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM 31. *First Part.* C. M.

Deliverance from death.

1 INTO thy hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.

3 "My times are in thy hand," I cri'd,
"Though I draw near the dust;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,

And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

5 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die;
"I am cut off before thine eyes,"
But thou hast heard my cry.

6 Thy goodness how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy majesty!
And trust thy promises!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31. *Second Part.* C. M.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust:
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2 "My life is spent with grief," I cri'd,
"My years consum'd in groans,
"My strength decays, mine eyes are dri'd,
"And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown;
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side
Seiz'd and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace appli'd,
And speedy rescue found.

5 How great deliv'rance thou has wrought
Before the sons of men!

The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain!

6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32. *First Part.* L. M.

Justification and Sanctification.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free:
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins:
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM 32. *Second Part.* L. M.

Confession and Pardon.

1 WHILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thy holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear;
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

PSALM 33. *First Part.* C. M.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous in the Lord,
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand:
He spake and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsels stand through ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM 33. *Second Part.* C. M.

Creatures vain; and God all-sufficient.

1 BLEST is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eyes with infinite survey,
The spacious world behold:
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or man,
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM 34. *First Part.* C. M.

Praise for eminent deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!

Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor suff'rer cry'd,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

5 Oh sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents,
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.

7 Oh love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly bless'd their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood:
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.

PSALM 34. *Second Part.* L. M.

Religious education.

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,

Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your mind employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state;
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries:
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans:
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
While they in praise employ their breath.

PSALM 34. *Third Part.* C. M.

Peace and holiness.

1 THE Lord for ever guards the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

2 What though the sorrows here they taste
Be sharp and tedious too:
The Lord who saves his saints at last,
Is their supporter now.

3 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

4 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls;

Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeems their souls.

PSALM 35. *First Part.* C. M.

Imprecations mixed with charity.

1 NOW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But, to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour, God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then must the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race;
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;

In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

PSALM 35. *Second Part.* C. M.

The love of Christ typified in David.

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows;
Mark how his tender bowels move
For his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's king,
Blest and beloved of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36. *First Part.* S. M.

Atheism exposed.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
"Nor fear before his eyes"

2 He walks awhile conceal'd
In a self-flatt'ring dream;
'Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil:
He sets his heart, his hand, his head,
To practise all that 's ill.

5 But there 's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear,
His justice hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie;
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs;
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

PSALM 36. *Second Part.* L. M.

General Providence and special grace.

1 O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The brighest orb of heav'n transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are:
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake;
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust.

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink as from a fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day;
O! let thy grace thy saints sustain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM 37. *First Part.* C. M.

The rewards of the righteous and the wicked.

1 WHY should I vex my soul and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies?

2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threatning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM 37. *Second Part.* C. M.

Charity to the poor.

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 He fears to talk with lips profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare,
They shall possess the promis'd land
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37. *Third Part.* C. M.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtues he approves;
He ne'er deprives them of his grace,
Nor leaves the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown:
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man or God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38. C. M.

Prayer for pardon and health.

1 AMID thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord:
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy for my soul to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my pow'rs are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry:
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

8 My foes rejoice to see me slide
Into the miry pit;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I feel how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation haste,
Before thy servant die.

PSALM 39. *First Part.* C. M.

Prudence and zeal.

1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel;
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overaw'd;
But let the scoffing sinners hear,
That I can speak for God.

PSALM 39. *Second Part.* C. M.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast;
How short, how fleet our time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain:
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore:
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall:
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM 39. *Third Part.* C. M.

Sick-bed devotion.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command:

I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
"Remove thy sharp rebukes;"
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his num'rous race
Are vanity and smoke.

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spar'd awhile
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40. *First Part.* C. M.

Deliverance from great distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue

To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new, thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad:
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm affiicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40. *Second Part.* C. M.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the blest Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares!

2 Jesus reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd;
He preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

3 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

4 No blood of beasts on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
The sacrifice which Jesus paid
Atones for all our sins.

5 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;

Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 40. *Third Part.* L. M.

Christ our Sacrifice.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 In heav'n before his Father's throne,
Complacent smiles th' eternal Son,
And pleas'd, presents with boundless grace
Himself a ransom for our race.

4 "Behold! I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes,
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "Mine ear is open'd to thy voice,
"My heart delighted with thy choice;
"Pleas'd, I assume a fleshly form,
"Akin to man, that dying worm.

6 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me;
"I must fulfil the Saviour's part;
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.

7 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the sky.

8 "The Spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast done, and what I do;

"The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
"Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

PSALM 41. L. M.

Charity to the poor.

1 BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM 42. *First Part.* C. M.

Desertion and hope.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Tears are my constant food, while thus
Insulting foes upbraid:
"Deluded wretch! where is thy God?
"And where his promis'd aid?"

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why's my soul sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove:
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM 42. *Second Part.* C. M.

Trust in the goodness of God.

1 WHY, O! my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,
And was not God thy guide?

3 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave:
Tho' o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

4 Perhaps before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

5 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er:
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

6 Then, O! my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

7 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

PSALM 43. C. M.

Safety in divine Providence.

1 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.

2 On thee my steadfast hope depends,
And am I left to mourn?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return?

3 O send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear,
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.

4 Then to thy altar, O my God,
My joyful feet shall rise,
And my triumphant song shall praise
The God that rules the skies.

5 Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to weak despair;
For I shall live to praise the Lord,
And bless his guardian care.

PSALM 44. C. M.

The church's complaint in persecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace;
When to our ears our fathers told,
The wonders of their days:

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known:
Among them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n.

6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath;
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy cause:
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord!
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banished from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thy heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our souls are bow'd,
And lie upon the ground:
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45. *First Part.* L. M.

The glory of Christ and the power of his gospel.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord: how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy sword!
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 O God, thy God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit, blest
Th' eternal Son above the rest.

PSALM 45. *Second Part.* L. M.

Christ and his church.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!

He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations with his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour! when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies;
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince, in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

PSALM 46. *First Part.* L. M.

The safety of the church.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
On him for safety we relied,
And in his strength we will confide:

2 Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost;
Or lofty hills from their abode,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring flood.

3 Let angry waves together roll'd
Rage on with fury uncontroll'd;

We will not fear, whilst we depend
On God, who is our constant friend.

4 A gentler stream, that ever flows,
And joy to all around bestows,
The city of the Lord shall fill,
The city where he's worship'd still.

5 God dwells in Zion, whose strong tow'rs,
Shall mock th' assault of earthly pow'rs;
And his almighty aid is nigh,
To those who on his strength rely.

PSALM 46. *Second Part.* L. M.

God creates peace.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise:
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand hath wrought,
What desolations he hath made!

3 From sea to sea through all the shores
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame:
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
"I will be known, and fear'd abroad,
"But still my throne in Zion stands."

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM 47. C. M.

Christ ascending and reigning.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sov'reign King!
Let every land their tongues employ
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high!
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 These western climes are all the Lord's,
Here Abraham's God is known;
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords
Submit before his throne.

PSALM 48. *First Part.* S. M.

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace
How beautiful they stand!

The honour of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright hath his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there;
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

PSALM 48. *Second Part.* S. M.

The worship and order of the church.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,

Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 49. *First Part.* C. M.

The vanity of life and riches.

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealthy honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide?

2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay;
And boasts as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve;
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,

Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My house shall ever stand;
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the dust,
Where his own carcass lies.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beasts, a thoughtless race,
And like the beasts they die.

10 Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
'Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep
In terror and despair.

PSALM 49. *Second Part.* C. M.

Death and the resurrection.

1 YE sons of pride that hate the just
And trample on the poor:
When death hath brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh,

And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
The inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 50. *First Part.* C. M.

The last judgment.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice, and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM 50. *Second Part.* C. M.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields
"And flocks and herds are mine;
"O'er all the cattle of the hills
"I claim a right divine.

2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire:
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,
"Is all that I require.

3 "Invoke my name when trouble's near,
"My hand shall set thee free;
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare
"The honour due to me.

4 "The man that offers humble praise,
"Declares my glory best;
"And those that tread my holy ways,
"Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM 50. *Third Part.* C. M.

The judgment of hypocrites.

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word:

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
"Will I the world reprove;
"Altars and rites, and forms are vain,
"Without the fire of love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do
"To bring their sacrifice?
"They call my statutes just and true,
"But deal in theft and lies.

4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
"And sin without control?

"But I will bring your crimes to light,
"With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM 51. *First Part.* L. M.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 51. *Second Part.* L. M.

Original and actual sins confessed.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM 51. *Third Part.* L. M.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie

Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A bróken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM 52. C. M.

The disappointment of the wicked.

1 WHY should the mighty make their boast,
And heav'nly grace despise?

In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.

2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

3 But like a cultur'd olive grove,
Dress'd in immortal green,
Thy children, blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all who trust thy holy word
Shall find salvation sure.

PSALM 53. *First Part.* L. M.

Practical Atheism.

1 "THERE is a God," all nature cries;
The heav'ns and earth this truth confess;
Yet this the atheist fool denies,
And dares his impious thoughts express.

2 The Lord from his celestial tow'r,
Look'd down the sons of men to view;
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
If any his truth and justice knew.

3 But all he saw were gone aside,
All in their hearts were atheists grown:
None took religion for their guide,
Not one did God his sov'reign own.

4 O wretched state! how fall'n are men!
How guilty, helpless, lost, and dead!
They're all concluded under sin,
Their hope is gone, their peace is fled.

PSALM 53. *Second Part.* C. M.

Deliverance from persecution.

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise,
For God's avenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first dispers'd their hosts,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 54. 6, 8.

Prayer for deliverance from enemies.

1 MY God, preserve my soul!
O make my spirit whole:
To save me let thy strength appear:
Strangers my steps surround;
Their pride and rage confound,
And bring thy great salvation near.

2 Those that against me rise
Are aliens from the skies:
They hate thy church and kingdom, Lord;
They mock thy fearful name;
They glory in their shame,
Nor heed the wonders of thy word.

3 But, O thou King divine,
My chosen friends are thine,

The men that still my soul sustain:
Wilt thou my foes subdue,
And form their hearts anew,
And snatch them from eternal pain?

4 Escap'd from ev'ry wo,
O grant me here below,
To praise thy name with those I love:
And, when beyond the skies,
Our souls unbodied rise,
Unite us in the realms above.

PSALM 55. *First Part.* C. M.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life;
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round,
Among the shades of death.

4 O! were I like a feather'd dove,
Soon would I stretch my wings,
And fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!

The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

PSALM 55. *Second Part.* S. M

Daily devotions.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel;
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM 56. *First Part.* C. M.

Deliverance from oppression.

1 O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressors cease;
Behold, how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

PSALM 56. *Second Part.* C. M.

God's care of his people.

1 GOD counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

2 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

3 In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word!
"How righteous all thy ways!"

5 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
O set thy pris'ner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57. L. M.

Praise for protection, grace, and truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
'Till the dark cloud is over blown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform,
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
Let land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky,
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58. P. M.

Warning to Magistrates.

1 JUDGES who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,

When vile oppression wastes the land?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hand?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns:
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds;
You hear no counsels, cries, nor tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God!
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their names and hopes be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their suff'rings well repay."

PSALM 59. S. M.

Complaints against invading foes.

1 FROM foes that round us rise,
O God of heav'n defend,
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with thy saints contend.

2 Behold from distant shores
And desert wilds they come,
Combine for blood their barb'rous force,
And through our cities roam.

3 Beneath the silent shade
Their secret plots they lay;
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit secure that impious race
To riot in their reign?

5 In vain their secret guile
Or open force they prove;
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.

6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Lest we forget their doom;
But drive them with thine angry breath,
Through distant lands to roam.

7 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound the praise abroad.

PSALM 60. C. M.

On a day of humiliation in war.

1 LORD, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn;

Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye
Earth's haughty towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand!
O heal the nation thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt the banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
From barb'rous hosts thy people shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God:
In vain shall num'rous pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops beneath thy guiding hand
Shall gain a glad renown;
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

PSALM 61. *First Part.* S. M.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock,
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;

Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 61. *Second Part.* L. M.

Jesus is our King.

1 MY soul of thy protection sure,
Against her foes shall rest secure;
For thou, O God, hast heard my vows,
And brought me joyful to thy house.

2 With all thy saints I'll strive to sing
The glories of my heavenly King,
Whom thou in mercy didst ordain,
Should o'er thy chosen people reign.

3 Jesus shall live for ever blest,
And give his people peace and rest;
His years shall last, and God will own
His righteous sceptre, and his throne.

4 O let thy truth prepare the way,
In mercy, Lord, extend his sway;
Thus we'll devote our future days,
To pay our vows, and sing thy praise.

PSALM 62. L. M.

Faith in the grace and power of the Redeemer.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust;
Why will ye grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once hath his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63. *First Part.* C. M.

The morning of a Lord's day.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temples shine;
My God repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. *Second Part.* L. M.

The love of God better than life.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear,
Among thy saints and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

4 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passion so.

5 My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

6 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

7 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM 63. *Third Part.* S. M.

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine:

And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 64. L. M.

Hope in God for deliverance from enemies.

1 GREAT God, attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint;
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be thy care.

2 Shield me without, and guard within
From vile temptations and from sin;
May envy, lust, and pride depart,
And heav'nly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and thy pow'r display,
And scatter far thy foes away;
While list'ning nations learn thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love thy name rejoice;

By faith approach thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM 65. *First Part.* C. M.

A prayer-hearing God.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heav'n appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM 65. *Second Part.* C. M.

The providence of God in air, earth and sea.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. *Third Part.* C. M.

The blessings of the spring.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in beauteous pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 66. *First Part.* C. M.

Our graces tried by afflictions.

1 SING all ye nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys

2 Say to the Pow'r that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

3 He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

4 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

5 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals
The metal to refine.

6 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command;
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66. *Second Part.* C. M.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty pow'r,
Who heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God and hear
The wonders he hath done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid:
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever blest)
Hath set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67. C. M.

The prosperity of the nation, and increase of the church.

1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah, shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace!
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 Here fix thy throne exalted high,
And here our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround thy favourite land.

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,

And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And thankful hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, th' sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall confess her Maker's hand,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore and fear.

PSALM 68. *First Part.* L. M.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky,
His name Jehovah sounds on high:
Sing to his name ye sons of grace:
Ye saints rejoice before his face.

The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a father kind.

He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again:

But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

5 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him ye nations in your song;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

6 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

7 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PSALM 68. *Second Part.* L. M.

The ascension of Christ, and the gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68. *Third Part.* L. M.

Praise for common and special mercies.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;

Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the weak and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains,
Is endless joy and endless pains.

5 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above;
There shall they taste his special love

PSALM 69. *First Part.* L. M.

Christ's passion, and sinner's salvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold! the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curs'd design.

3 Yet gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove;

Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM 69. *Second Part.* L. M.

The sufferings and zeal of Christ.

1 'TWAS for my sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace;
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him but without a cause.

3 "My Father's house," said he, "was made
"A place for worship, not for trade;"
Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.

4 Zeal for the temple of his God,
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown,
He felt and mourn'd them as his own.

5 His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a sland'rous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies;

They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung my Lord, who died for me.

7 Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.

8 But God beheld, and from his throne
Mark'd out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

PSALM 69. *Third Part.* C. M.

God glorified in the obedience and death of Christ.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs
Shall better please my God,
Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let heav'n and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her gates;

And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

PSALM 70. C. M.

Protection against personal enemies.

1 IN haste, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
O let thy speed prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

2 When foes insidious wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray,
Then let them fall, with lasting shame,
To their own plots a prey.

3 While all that love thy name rejoice
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

4 O thou, my help in time of need,
Behold my sore dismay;
In pity hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

PSALM 71. *First Part.* C. M.

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still hath my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I'll trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glories shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM 71. *Second Part.* C. M.

Christ is our strength and righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death hath brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.

7 Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

PSALM 71. *Third Part.* C. M.

The aged Christian's prayer and song.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savour of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72. *First Part.* L. M.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72. *Second Part.* L. M.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

6 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

7 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

PSALM 73. *First Part.* S. M.

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,

While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine.

3 Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair;
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure;
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise:
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinner's life before,
But here I learn'd their end.

9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And O, that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

PSALM 73. *Second Part.* C. M.

God our portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 74. *First Part.* C. M.

The church pleading under sore persecution.

1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;

Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their pow'r.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear the buildings down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest:
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the priest."

7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
The best, the wisest mourn;
And not a friend nor promise shows
The time of thy return.

PSALM 74. *Second Part.* C. M.

A prayer of the church for deliverance from great afflictions.

1 HOW long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

2 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?

Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

3 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

4 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injur'd name?

5 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love,
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.

6 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM 75. L. M.

The hand of God acknowledged.

1 TO thee, most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.

2 To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise,
And sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
They sought the sov'reign of the skies.

3 'Twas then, great God, with equal pow'r
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of thy race.

4 Thy hand that formed the restless main,
And rear'd the mountains' awful head,

Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.

5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the wind such blessings blow;
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head,
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

PSALM 76. C. M.

God protects his church.

1 IN Judah God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

3 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

4 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

5 When God in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' opprest.
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest,

6 Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
Ye princes fear his frown;

His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.

7 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel,
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.

PSALM 77. *First Part.* C. M.

Hope prevailing over despondency.

1 TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.

2 Sad were my days and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still opprest,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
'Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?

Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame;
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought,
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwelt with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. *Second Part.* C. M.

Comfort derived from ancient Providence.

1 "HOW awful is thy chast'ning rod!"
(May thy own children say)
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God,
"How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old,
Who reigns in heav'n above,
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 He saw the house of Jacob lie
With Egypt's yoke opprest;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of pious Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5 From slavish chains he set them free,
They follow where he calls;

He bade them venture through the sea,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock
To Canaan's promis'd land.

PSALM 78. *First Part.* C. M.

Providences recorded for the instruction of Children.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace,
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM 78. *Second Part.* C. M.

Israel's rebellion and punishment.

1 O What a stiff, rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought, to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd in safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light,
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high;
And dar'd distrust his hand;
"Can he with bread our host supply
"Amidst this desert land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78. *Third Part.* C. M.

Israel punished for intemperance.

1 WHEN Israel sinn'd, the Lord reprov'd,
And fill'd their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgave the tribes he lov'd,
And sent them heav'nly bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning show'r,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,
As though 't were angel's meat.

4 But they in murm'ring language said,
"Manna is all our feast;
"We loathe this light, this airy bread;
"We must have flesh to taste."

5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust!"
The Lord in wrath replied,
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heap'd up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire,
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM 79. L. M.

Complaint of the church against enemies.

1 BEHOLD, O God, what cruel foes
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defil'd,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the valleys, drench'd in blood,
Thy people fall'n in death remain;
The fowls of heav'n their flesh devour,
And savage beasts divide the slain.

3 Th' insulting foes with impious rage,
Reproach thy children to their face;
"Where is your God of boasted pow'r,
"And where the promise of his grace?"

4 Deep from the prison's horrid gloom,
O hear the mournful captive sigh,
And let thy sov'reign pow'r reprieve
The trembling soul condemn'd to die.

5 Let those who dar'd t' insult thy reign,
Return dismay'd with endless shame;
While heathens, who thy grace despise,
Shall from thy vengeance learn thy name.

6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honour raise;
And ev'ry future age shall tell
Thy sov'reign pow'r and pard'ning grace.

PSALM 80. *First Part.* L. M.

The prayer of the church under affliction.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep.

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through;

Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PSALM 80. *Second Part.* L. M.
The vineyard of God wasted.

1 LORD thou hast planted with thy hands,
A lovely vine in heathen lands;
Thy pow'r defended it around,
And heav'nly dews enrich'd the ground!

2 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

3 Why is its beauty thus defaced?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours thy vine.

4 Return, Almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PSALM 80. *Third Part.* L. M.
Christ the defender of his church.

1 LORD, when thy vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
'Till the fair branch of promise rose.

2 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

3 'Tis thy own Son, and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
Th' eternal Son, enthron'd and blest,
To give his suff'ring people rest.

4 O for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PSALM 81. S. M.

The warnings of God to his people.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God,
Let Israel hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry,
"Preserve my worship clean:
"I am the Lord who set thee free
"From slavery and sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad
"And I'll supply them well;
"But if ye will refuse your God,
"If Israel will rebel,

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey,
"And let them run the dang'rous road,
"'Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet, O, that all my saints
"Would hearken to my voice!
"Soon would I ease their sore complaints
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroy'd their foes,
"I'd richly feed my flock,
"And they should taste the stream that flows
"From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82. L. M.

God the supreme ruler; or, magistrates warned

1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater ruler takes his seat;
The God of heav'n, as judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM 83. S. M.

The prayer of the church against persecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ;

And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 "Come let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"Till not the name of saints remain,
"Nor mem'ry shall be found."

5 Awake, Almighty God!
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

6 Convince their madness, Lord!
And make them seek thy name,
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

7 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM 84. *First Part.* L. M.

The pleasure of public worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are;
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of the saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee.

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty:

Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM 84. *Second Part.* L. M.

Grace and glory.

1 GREAT God attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace God will bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, thy sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey;

And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

PSALM 84. *Third Part.* H. M.

Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints with equal zeal
To rise and dwell among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;

With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow on Jacob's race
Peculiar grace and glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

PSALM 85. *First Part.* L. M.

Waiting for an answer to prayer.

1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 85. *Second Part.* L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM 86. *First Part.* C. M.

A general song of praise to God.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord!
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thy heav'nly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 86. *Second Part.* L. M.

Mourning over unbelief, and pleading for the evidence of an interest in Christ.

1 JESUS, my God, my all in all,
Display thy pow'r, unveil thy face;

Wilt thou not hear when sinners call?
Is not thy reign a reign of grace?

2 A thousand times my tongue hath said,
"Bought with a price, I'm not my own;"
A thousand times my soul hath fled,
And sought relief before thy throne

3 But now I grope, as in the night,
I can't believe, and dare not trust;
My path is hedg'd, I see no light,
My hopes are prostrate in the dust.

4 With fears that all experience past
Hath been delusive, false and vain,
I dread, lest falling short at last,
I never shall the prize obtain.

5 When to the cross I wish to fly,
And see the blood of sprinkling flow
To Sinai's mount, not Calvary,
A legal spirit bids me go.

6 Striving to stretch my wither'd arms,
I fain would give myself away;
But sins and guilt excite alarms,
And check a near approach to thee.

7 O, if already I've believ'd,
If Christ and I indeed be one,
Then prove thyself my help and shield,
Or, let the work be now begun.

8 Show me a token, Lord, for good,
And let me know that I am thine;
Dispel my doubts, disperse the cloud,
And on my soul benignant shine.

9 Now, let the Spirit from above
Bear witness to my troubled heart;
Now shed abroad my Father's love,
And filial confidence impart.

10 Then shall my foes who hate me, see
That God is faithful to his saints;
That he hath heard and helped me,
And chang'd to praise my sad complaints

PSALM 87. L. M.

The Christian Church.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pays its night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are in Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new born and nourish'd there.

PSALM 88. L. P. M.

Loss of friends, and absence of Divine Grace.

1 O GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily pray'r,
That still employ my wasting breath;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sov'reign pow'r to save
From dark despair and lasting death.

2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom:
My friends, belov'd in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.

3 As, lost in lonely grief, I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some throng'd assembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone,
While, here forgotten, there unknown,
The change renews my piercing wo.

4 And why will God neglect my call?
Or who shall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires?
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord,
Or wake or brighten at his word,
And tune the harp with heav'nly choirs?

5 Yet through each melancholy day
I've pray'd to thee, and still will pray,
Imploring still thy kind return:
But O! my friends, my comfort's fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wand'ring thoughts to mourn.

PSALM 89. *First Part.* L. M.

The covenant made with Christ.

1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
"With thee my cov'nant first was made;
"In thee shall dying sinners live,
"Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest,
"Thy children shall be ever blest;

"Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
"Shall stand eternal like my own."

4 Now let the church rejoice, and sing,
Jesus her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89. *Second Part.* C. M.

The faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth thy honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89. *Third Part.* C. M.

The power and majesty of God.

1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands adoring hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are thine
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89. *Fourth Part.* C. M.

A blessed Gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89. *Fifth Part.* C. M.

Christ's mediatorial kingdom.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold, your help is laid
"On my Almighty Son.

2 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
"My people's better King;
"My arm shall beat his rivals down,
"And still new subjects bring.

3 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
"With mercy by his side!
"While in my name through earth and sea
"He shall in triumph ride.

4 "My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
"My promises are strong;
"Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,
"His seed endure as long."

PSALM 89. *Sixth Part.* C. M.

The covenant of grace unchangeable.

1 "YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
"The children of my Son,
"Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
"And tempt mine anger down;

2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
"And make their follies smart;
"But I'll not cease to be their God,
"Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
"But keep my grace in mind;
"And what eternal love hath spoke,
"Eternal truth shall bind.

4 "Once have I sworn (I need no more)
"And pledg'd my holiness,

"To seal my sacred promise sure
"To David and his race.

5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise,
"And spread from sea to sea,
"Long as he travels round the skies
"To give the nations day.

6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night,
"His kingdom shall endure,
"Till the fix'd laws of day and light
"Shall be observ'd no more."

PSALM 89. *Seventh Part.* L. M.

Mortality and hope. A funeral psalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
"Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
"Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM 90. *First Part.* L. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal. A funeral psalm.

1 THROUGH ev'ry age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

7 But O! how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span;
Till faith, and love, and piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90. *Second Part.* C. M.

Infirmities and death the effects of sin.

1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee
Adam and all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song:
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To three score years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone:
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

PSALM 90. *Third Part.* C. M.

Breathing after Heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of love, return!
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord,
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 91. *First Part.* L. M.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
"Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
"I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan, the tempter, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey, that seek their blood,
Under her feathers; so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Among the dead, amid the graves.

8 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

9 The sword, the pestilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire,

From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. *Second-Part.* C. M.

Protection from evil, guard of angels, and salvation.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try, and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways,
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard their happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones:
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
For he that broke the serpent's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them, (saith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction and the sword.

7 "My grace shall answer when they call,
"In trouble I'll be nigh:
"My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known,
"I'll honour them in heav'n;

"There my salvation shall be shown,
"And endless life be giv'n."

PSALM 92. *First Part.* L. M.

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. *Second Part.* L. M.

Aged Saints.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;

Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live,
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find,
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. L. M.

The eternal and sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 94. *First Part.* C. M.

Instructive afflictions.

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;

Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears,
Or blind who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his pow'r;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy chast'nings make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 94. *Second Part.* C. M

God our support and comfort.

1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes;
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet," I cried;
Thy promise was my prop;

Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll;
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95. *First Part.* C. M.

A psalm before prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;

O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM 95. *Second Part.* S. M.

A psalm before sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear:
"Ye that despise my promis'd rest,
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM 96. *First Part.* C. M.

The first and second coming of Christ.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His rich display of grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

PSALM 96. *Second Part.* L. P. M.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 THE heathen know thy glory, Lord,
The wond'ring nations read thy word;
In these far climes Jehovah's known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods, which mortal hands have made;
Our maker is our God alone.

2 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. *First Part.* L. M.

Christ reigning and coming to judgment.

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes;
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97. *Second Part.* L. M.

Let all the angels of God worship him.

1 THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the angels learn his name;

An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
Let Judah shout, let Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM 97. *Third Part.* L. M.
Grace and glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye, that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 98. *First Part.* C. M.
Praise for the Gospel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addrest;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abra'm first;
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues,
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALM 98. *Second Part.* C. M.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1 JOY to the world; the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. *First Part.* S. M.

The kingdom and majesty of Christ.

1 THE Lord, Jehovah, reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humbled there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;

Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
And swift fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne;
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

PSALM 99. *Second Part.* S. M.

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His ways are wisdom, pow'r, and truth,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
His grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. L. M.

Praise to our Creator.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 101. L. M.

The Magistrate's psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsel from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me;
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth, and trust;
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spar'd.

7 The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r, shall be supprest.

PSALM 102. *First Part.* C. M.

A prayer for the afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag like with'ring grass
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan;
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways,
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102. *Second Part.* C. M.

Prayer heard and the church revived.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, "that praying breath
"Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. *Third Part.* L. M.

The saints die, but Christ and the church live.

1 IT is the Lord, our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amid the race
Disease and death at his command,
Arrest us and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage:
"Our Father and our Saviour live,
"Christ is the same through ev'ry age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church for ever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM 103. *First Part.* L. M.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He fills our store with ev'ry good,
And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the suff'rers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 His pow'r he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

PSALM 103. *Second Part.* S. M.

Mercy in the midst of judgment.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide:
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103. *Third Part.* S. M.

Bless the Lord, his angels, and all his works.

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Thro' his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his praises too.

PSALM 104. *First Part.* L. M.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise!
When cloth'd in his celestial rays
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;

Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance, or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bounds,
And in their channels walk their rounds;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PSALM 104. *Second Part.* L. M.

Providence.

1 GOD from his cloudy cisterns pours
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

2 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;

With herbs for man, of various pow'r,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

3 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.

4 O bless his name, ye nations, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PSALM 104. *Third Part.* L. M.

Providence

1 BEHOLD! the stately cedar stands
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

2 To craggy hills ascend the goat,
And at the airy mountain's foot,
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

3 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

4 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

5 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

6 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
All lands thy boundless riches fill;

Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

7 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

8 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PSALM 104. *Fourth Part.* L. M.

Providence.

1 VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

2 While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms
Rejoice, and praise in different forms.

3 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine,

4 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

5 Thy works, the wonders of thy might,
Are honour'd with thine own delight;
How awful are thy glorious ways!
Lord, thou art dreadful in thy praise.

6 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;

Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

7 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

8 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory buried with their dust;
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 105. *First Part.* C. M.

God's care of the Patriarchs.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind,
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abr'am and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make the nations blest,"
Said the Almighty voice,
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
"The type of heav'nly joys."

5 How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band.

6 Like pilgrims, through the countries round,
Securely they remov'd;

And haughty kings that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and my arm
"Shall soon revenge the wrong;
"The man that does my prophets harm,
"Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM 105. *Second Part.* C. M.

The plagues of Egypt.

1 WHEN Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

2 He call'd for darkness; darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He made each lake, and ev'ry stream,
A lake, a stream of blood.

3 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.

4 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten fold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

5 Then, by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt died;
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

6 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;

Israel must live through ev'ry age,
And be the Almighty's care.

PSALM 105. *Third Part.* C. M.

Israel led through the wilderness to Canaan.

1 THUS were the tribes from bondage freed,
And left the hated ground;
Egyptian spoils supplied their need,
Nor was one feeble found.

2 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journey right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

3 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

4 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of overflowing grace!
So Christ our rock maintains our life,
Through all the wilderness.

5 Thus guarded by the Almighty's hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

6 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM 106. *First Part.* L. M.

Communion with saints.

1 TO God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be address'd;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumph with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106. *Second Part.* S. M.

The unchangeable love of God.

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks and rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provok'd the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book;
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;

And Christians join the solemn word,
Amen, to all their praise.

PSALM 107. *First Part.* L. M.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 In their distress to God they cried,
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

4 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.

5 He feeds and clothes us all the way
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

6 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. *Second Part.* L. M.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God that rules the skies;
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord,

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. *Third Part.* L. M.

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

1 VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans, and loathes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads opprest,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Behold the frighten'd sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure;
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove,
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM 107. *Fourth Part.* C. M.

The mariner's psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord!
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Frighted to hear the tempest's roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath;
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

5 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid.

6 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command;
And all the winds that blow.

7 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM 107. *Fifth Part.* L. M.

Nations blest and punished. A psalm for America.

1 WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green;
Send show'ry blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' opprest and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks;
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus are they blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their people die by barb'rous hands.

6 Their captive sons expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.

8 The righteous with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of Atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9 How few with pious care record,
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find,
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

PSALM 108. C. M.

Fervent praise.

1 AWAKE my soul with fervent praise,
Awake my heart to sing;
Join all my pow'rs the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And high his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse thy heav'nly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.

4 The church is thine; thou wilt maintain
Her cause in ev'ry age;
Built on a rock, her foes in vain
Against her rights engage.

5 Then let thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

PSALM 109. C. M.

Love to enemies, from the example of Christ.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found;
With cruel slanders false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110. *First Part.* L. M.

The success of the Gospel.

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
"At my right hand, till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,

" Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
" And bow their wills to thy command.

3 " That day shall show thy pow'r is great,
" When saints shall flock with willing minds,
" And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
" Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM 110. *Second Part.* C. M.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
" Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
" When Aaron is no more.

4 " Melchisedek, that wondrous priest,
" That king of high degree,
" That holy man whom Abr'am blest,
" Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
His lofty throne maintain;

And strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 110. *Third Part.* L. M.

The counsel of peace.

1 JESUS the priest ascends the throne,
While counsels of eternal peace
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success.

2 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread
And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

3 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The suff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 111. *First Part.* C. M

The wisdom of God in his works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He hath my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

PSALM 111. *Second Part.* C. M.

The perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM 112. C. M.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;

So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well established mind:
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 113. L. M.

The sovereignty and goodness of God.

1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praises sing:
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty:
Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do:
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor:

Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

6 A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done.
Faith may grow strong, when sense despairs
Tho' nature fail, the promise bears.

PSALM 114. L. M.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep;
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

4 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Or Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God;
The King of Israel, see him here;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rocks to standing pools he turns;

Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM 115. L. M.

The true God is our refuge; or, Idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
'Tis thine, great God, the only just,
The only gracious, wise, and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies:
Thro' all the earth his will is done;
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 With eyes and ears they carve the head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scattered in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray:
Mortals, that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7 O Israel! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise;
They dwell in silence and the grave;

But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

PSALM 116. *First Part.* C. M.

Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied ev'ry groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O! let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death
And dried my falling tears:
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM 116. *Second Part.* C. M.

Public thanks for private deliverance.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 117. L. M.

Praise to God from all nations.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM 118. *First Part.* C. M.

Deliverance from a tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid,

Whate'er the sons of earth may do,
Since heav'n affords its aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

4 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly;
So burning thorns with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

5 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs,
The Lord protects their days;
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118. *Second Part.* C. M.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live; for none can die,
If God resolves to save.

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there;
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;

There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118. *Third Part.* C. M.

Christ the foundation of his church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
How glorious is thy name!
Saints trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM 118. *Fourth Part.* C. M.

The resurrection of Christ, and our salvation.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM 119. *First Part.* C. M.

The blessedness of saints and misery of sinners.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law!
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate;
The proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 119. *Second Part.* C. M.

Spiritual-mindedness.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 Sev'n times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM 119. *Third Part.* C. M.

Repentance and obedience.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God,
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;

Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine,
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119. *Fourth Part.* C. M.

Instruction from Scripture.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters on the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

6 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;

And these, thy servants, night and day
Thy skill and pow'r express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lōrd,
Give lessons more divine;
Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

PSALM 119. *Fifth Part.* C. M.

Delight in Scripture.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heav'nly song.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace

Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119. *Sixth Part.* C. M.

Holiness and comfort from the word.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey,
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the bus'ness of the day
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine;
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119. *Seventh Part.* C. M.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of Scripture.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiv'n;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the pow'rs of nature fall!
And can no farther go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought,
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 119. *Eighth Part.* C. M.

The excellency and variety of Scripture.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hopes beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119. *Ninth Part.* C. M.

The teaching of the Spirit with the word.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!

Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do!

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His works for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

7 In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.

PSALM 119. *Tenth Part.* C. M.

Pleading the promises.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;

Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord!
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119. *Eleventh Part.* C. M.

Breathing after holiness.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O Send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;

Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM 119. *Twelfth Part.* C. M.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear:
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes;
Nor let my shame appear.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
"And make my comforts rise?"

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119. *Thirteenth Part.* C. M.

Holy fear and tenderness of conscience.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face;
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe:
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119. *Fourteenth Part.* C. M.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure,
Flow from thy faithful care.

6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119. *Fifteenth Part.* C. M.

Holy resolutions.

1 O THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
Shouldst thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM 119. *Sixteenth Part.* C. M.

Prayer for quickening grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need th' influence of thy grace
To speed me in my way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word;
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. *Seventeenth Part.* L. M.

Grace shining in difficulties and trials.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, L
All my support is from thy w

My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM 119. *Eighteenth Part.* L. M.
Sanctified afflictions.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God?

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 119. *Nineteenth Part.* C. M.

I have gone astray like a lost sheep.

1 THE least, the feeblest of the sheep
To Christ the Father gave;
He loves the flock, the charge he'll keep,
His arm is strong to save.

2 They're prone to wander out of sight,
And apt to run astray;
And when once lost, unable quite
To find again the way.

3 That hand which heav'n and earth upholds,
Can keep them free from harms;
The shepherd brings them to their folds,
And bears them in his arms.

4 To thee, my Shepherd and my Rock,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the meanest of thy flock,
Attempt to speak thy praise.

5 Thou art my guard; my all I owe
To thine amazing love;
My standing in thy fold below,
And hopes of bliss above.

6 Ten thousand thousand comforts here
Dispens'd in various ways,
Confirm'd thy faithfulness and care,
And claim adoring praise.

7 Then guided, Shepherd, by thy love
My feet shall keep thy way;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And go no more astray.

PSALM 120. C. M.

Christians love peace.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever-blest,
Pity my suff'ring state;

When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place;
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace, but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121. *First Part.* C. M.

Divine protection.

1 TO Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid:
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

2 Thou, then, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care that Israel guards,
Will thee in safety keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest;

When neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM 121. *Second Part.* H. M.

Preservation by day and night.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made!
God is the tow'r to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

PSALM 122. C. M.

Going to church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,

"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM 123. C. M.

Pleading with submission.

1 O THOU whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies;
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God,

Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM 124. L. M.

Thanksgiving for deliverance from national calamities.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide:

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll;
We had been swallow'd up in death,
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies;
He that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM 125. S. M.

The trials and safety of believers.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Fix'd as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Dropt a chastising stroke,
Yet lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must receive our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126. *First Part.* L. M.

Praise for surprising deliverance to the nation.

1 WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
A grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;

While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review'd our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

PSALM 126. *Second Part.* C. M.

The joy of conversion.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasant dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And own'd thy pow'r divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM 127. L. M.

The blessing of God on the cares and comforts of life.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;

If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What though you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God, our sov'reign, make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends;
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love!

PSALM 128. C. M.

A Christian blessed in his family.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With faith and rev'rend awe;
Whose lips to God their honours yield,
Whose life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head;
And on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;

Shall see the sinking church arise,
And leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129. C. M.

Persecutors punished.

1 UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.

5 Thus shall the men that hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

6 What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.

7 So corn that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

8 It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows

A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.

PSALM 130. C. M.

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the depths of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

5 Just as the guards that keep the night,
Long for the morning skies;
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;

The great Redeemer is his Son;
And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM 131. C. M.

Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. *First Part.* L. M.

At the ordination of a minister.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God;
A dwelling for the Eternal Mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My guests, my ministers shall shine;
Not Aaron in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6 The saints unable to contain
Their inward joy, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7 Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are clothed with shame.

PSALM 132. *Second Part.* C. M.

At the dedication of a church.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

3 Clothe all thy ministers with grace,
Let truth their tongues employ;
That in the Saviour's rightecusness
Thy saints may shout for joy.

4 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

5 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

PSALM 132. *Third Part.* C. M.

The privileges of the church under the New Testament.

1 THE Lord in Zion plac'd his throne,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came,
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to walk,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

3 Blest Zion still, in God's esteem,
All other seats excels:
Wherever he records his name,
'Tis Zion; there he dwells.

4 "Her store," says he, "I will increase,
"Her poor with plenty bless;
"Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
"My saving health confess.

5 "There David's power shall long remain
"In his establish'd line;
"There David's Son and Lord shall reign,
"And with fresh lustre shine.

6 "The faces of his vanquish'd foes,
"Confusion shall o'erspread;
"Whilst, with confirm'd success, his crown
"Shall flourish on his head."

PSALM 133. C. M.

Brotherly love.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree;
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love from Christ, the spring,
Descend to ev'ry soul,

And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill;
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM 134. C. M.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wond'rous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135. *First Part.* L. M.

The church is God's house and care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait;
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known, th' Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love;
People and priests exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells,
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135. *Second Part.* L. M.

Creation, Providence and Redemption.

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he pleas'd in earth or sea,
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land!
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.

5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM 135. *Third Part.* C. M.

Praise due to God alone.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storms at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 O Zion, trust the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy courts his blest abode,
And claims his honours there.

PSALM 136. H. M.

The wonders of creation, providence, and redemption.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.

Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His pow'r and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

5 His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two;
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
His pow'r and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host he drown'd,
And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His pow'r and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
And ever sure abides thy word.

PSALM 137. L. M.

The sorrows of Israel in captivity.

1 BY Babel's stream the captives sate,
And wept for Zion's hapless fate;
Useless their harps on willows hung,
While foes requir'd a sacred song.

2 With taunting voice and scornful eye,
"Sing us a song of heav'n," they cry
"While foes deride our God and King,
"How can we tune our harps or sing?

3 "If Zion's woes our hearts forget,
"Or cease to mourn for Israel's fate,
"Let useful skill our hands forsake;
"Our hearts with hopeless sorrow break.

4 "Thou ruin'd Salem, to our eyes
"Each day in sad remembrance rise!
"Should we e'er cease to feel thy wrongs,
"Lost be our joys, and mute our tongues.

5 "Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
"Who cried, exulting at our groans

"While Salem trembled at her base;
"Rase them, her deep foundations rase."

6 While thus they sung, the mourner's view'd
Their foes by Cyrus' arm subdued,
And saw his glory rise, who spread
Their streets and fields with hosts of dead.

7 Pleas'd they foresaw the blest decree,
That set their tribes from bondage free;
Renew'd the temple, and restor'd
The sacred worship of the Lord.

PSALM 138. L. M.

Restoring and preserving grace.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels that make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

4 To God I cried when troubles rose:
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;

Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. *First Part.* L. M.

The omniscience and omnipresence of God.

1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd word's intent.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?

5 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light,
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

6 If I the morning wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

7 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into dav.

8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

9 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM 139. *Second Part.* C. M.

The wisdom of God in the formation of man.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possest,
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all thy features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copied by thine art.

4 Heav'n, earth and sea, and fire and wind,
Show me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thine awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM 139. *Third Part.* C. M.

The mercies of God innumerable. An evening Psalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;

Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM 139. *Fourth Part.* L. M.

Grace tried.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin!
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 140. L. M.

A complaint against personal enemies.

1 MY God, while impious men,
With malice in their heart,
My peace destroy, my life defame,
Thy guardian grace impart.

2 With poison in their lips,
And with a serpent's tongue,
They sting my fainting soul to death,
And make my name their song.

3 Ceaseless they lie in wait
My footsteps to betray;
They hide the snare, they set their gin,
Beside my peaceful way.

4 O hear my humble cry!
Their fondest hope destroy;
Their arts confound, their plots disclose,
And blast their envious joy.

5 On their own heads shall fall
The mischiefs they devise;
Thy hand shall take them in their net,
Their slanders and their lies.

6 As coals the wood consume,
As pits receive their slain;
So shall the men of malice sink,
And never rise again.

7 The Lord, who hates the proud,
Shall scorch the slandrous tongue;
Shall hunt the wicked from the earth,
And well requite their wrong.

8 Thou wilt sustain the poor,
And bid th' afflicted sing;
Before thee shall thy children dwell,
Their Father and their King.

PSALM 141. L. M.

Brotherly reproof. A morning or evening psalm.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way;
Their gentle words like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142. C. M.

God is the hope of the helpless.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes;
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Knows ev'ry way I take.

3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers pass'd me by
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near;
"Thou art my portion when I die,
Be thou my refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
  Then shall I praise thy name;
And holy men shall join with me,
  Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM 143. L. M.

Mourning under afflictions in mind and body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
  Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known!

2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No living man is guiltless there

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirit up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye,
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. *First Part.* C. M.

Victory in the spiritual warfare.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine,
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144. *Second Part.* C. M.

The vanity of man.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first;
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hast'ning to the dust.

2 O what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
While mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

PSALM 144. *Third Part.* L. M.

The happy nation.

1 HAPPY the city where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle and corn have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely blest are those,
On whom the all-sufficient God,
Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM 145. *First Part.* L. M.

The greatness of God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Zion in her courts proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

PSALM 145. *Second Part.* C. M.

The goodness of God.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145. *Third Part.* C. M.

The mercy of God.

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy mercy speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hand upholds the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the soul whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."

7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

PSALM 146. *First Part.* L. M.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns,
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 146. *Second Part.* L. P. M.

Praise to God for his power, mercy and truth.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp, and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147. *First Part.* L. M.

Providence and grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 The saints are lovely in his sight:
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And views, and loves his image there.

PSALM 147. *Second Part.* L. M.

Summer and winter.

1 LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children live secure and blest,
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.

3 The changing seasons he ordains
The early and the latter rains;
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground,
His hail descends with dreadful sound;
His icy bands the rivers hold,
And terror arms his wintry cold.

5 He bids the warmer breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his children to his praise.

6 Through all our coasts his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land: Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147. *Third Part.* C. M.

The seasons of the year.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Around the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail;
The wretch that dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the southern gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM 148. H. M.

Praise to God from all creatures.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join,
With heav'n and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare, ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly in empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came, to praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In different ways his works proclaim
His wondrous name, and speak his praise.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep.
From sea and shore their tribute pay,
And still display their Maker's pow'r.

6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye the Almighty Lord;
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine, or thunders roar,
Let earth adore his hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear.
Beasts, wild and tame, birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms, exalt his name.

8 Ye kings and judges fear
The Lord, the sov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing:
Nor let the dream of pow'r and state,
Make you forget his pow'r supreme.

9 Virgins and youths engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns, his name be sung
By ev'ry tongue, in endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
While earth and sky attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise his honours high.

PSALM 149. C. M.

The triumph of believers.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing;
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword,
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ the judgment-seat ascends
And bids the world appear;
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod,
Nations that dar'd rebel;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinner, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM 150. *First Part.* H. M.

Universal praise to the God of our salvation.

1 IN Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin;
Where acts of faith and love
With ceaseless beauty shine:
In mercy there, while God is known,
Before his throne with songs appear.

2 In heav'n, his house on high,
Ye angels lift your voice;
Let heav'nly harps resound,
And happy saints rejoice:
The glories sing, that ever shine
With pomp divine, around your King.

3 His wondrous acts demand,
His wisdom and his grace,
The labours of our hands,
And transports of our praise:
Rehearse his name to ev'ry shore,
Where'er his pow'r his works proclaim.

4 Let the trump's martial voice,
The timbrel's softer sound,
The organ's solemn peal,
United praise resound:
To swell the song with highest joy,
Let man employ his tuneful tongue.

PSALM 150. *Second Part.* L. M.

Hallelujah.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; all nature join
In work and worship so divine;

Let heav'n and earth unite, and raise
High hallelujah's to his praise.

2 While realms of joy, and worlds around,
Their hallelujahs high resound;
Let saints below, and saints above,
Exulting sing redeeming love.

3 As instruments well tun'd and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue;
While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to his name.

4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,
Eternally the church will raise
High hallelujahs to his praise.

AN INDEX.

OR,

TABLE TO FIND A PSALM SUITED TO PARTICULAR SUBJECTS OR OCCASIONS.

A.

ADAM, first and second, *Psalm* 8.

Afflicted, pity to them, 35, 41. Supported, 55, 145, 146. Their prayer, 102, 143. Happy, 73, 94, 119, 14th part.

Afflictions, hope in them, 13, 42, 77. Support, 119, 14th part. Instruction by them, 94, 119, 18th part. Sanctified, 94, 119, 18th part. Courage in them, 119, 17th part. Removed by prayer, 34, 107. Submission to them, 39, 123, 131. In mind and body, 143. Trying our graces, 66, 119, 17th part. Without rejection, 89. Of saints and sinners different, 94. Gentle, 103. Moderated, 125. Very great, 77, 102, 143.

Aged saint's reflection, 71.

All-seeing God, 139.

Angels, guardian, 34, 91. All subject to Christ, 89. Worship Christ, 97. Praise the Lord, 103. Present in churches, 138.

Appeal to God against persecutors, 7. Concerning our sincerity, 139. Humility, 131.

Ascension of Christ, 24, 47, 68, 110.

Assistance from God, 138, 144.

Atheism of the heart, 54. Practical, 12, 14, 36. Punished, 10.

Attributes of God, 36, 111, 145, 147.

Authority from God, 75, 82,

B.

Backsliding, 25. Restored, 51. Pardoned, 78, 130.
Blessing of God in this life, 127.
Blessings of a family, 128. Of a nation, 144, 157. Of the country, 65, 147. Of a person, 1, 32, 112.
Blood of Christ cleansing, 51, 69.
Book of nature and Scripture, 19, 119, 4th part.
Brotherly love, 133. Reproof, 141.
Business of life blest, 127.

C.

Care of God over his saints, 34,
Charity to the poor, 37, 41, 112. And justice, 15, 112. Mixed with imprecations, 35.
Children praising God, 8. Blessings, 127, 128. Instructed, 34, 78.
Christ the second Adam, 8. His all-sufficiency, 16. His ascension, 24, 68, 110. The church's foundation, 118. The shepherd, 23. His coming, the signs of it, 12. Covenant made with him, 89. First and second coming, 96, 97, 98. The true David, 35, 89. His death and resurrection, 16, 22, 69. The eternal Creator, 102. Exalted to the kingdom, 2, 8, 21, 72, 110. Our example, 109. Faith in his blood, 51. God and man, 89. His godhead, 102. Our hope, 4, 51. His incarnation and sacrifice, 40. The king, and the church his spouse, 45. His kingdom among Gentiles, 72, 87, 132. His love to enemies, 35, 109. His majesty, 97, 99. His mediatorial kingdom, 89, 110. His obedience and death, 69. His personal glories, 45. Priest and king, 110. His resurrection on the Lord's day, 118. Our strength and righteousness, 71. His sufferings and king-

dom, 2, 22, 69. His sufferings, 69. His zeal and reproaches, *ibid.*

Christians, qualifications, 15, 24. Church made of Jews and Gentiles, 87.

Church, its beauty, 45, 48, 122. The birth-place of Saints, 87. Built on Jesus Christ, 118. Delight and safety in it, 27. Destruction of enemies proceeds from thence, 76. Gathered and settled, 132. Privileges, 132. Of the Gentiles, 45, 47. God fights for her, 10, 20, 46. God's presence there, 84, 132. God's special delight, 87, 132. God's garden, 92. Going to it, 122. The house and care of God, 135. Of the Jews and Gentiles, 87. Its increase, 67. Prayer in distress, 80. Restored by prayer, 85, 102, 107. Its safety, 46. Is the safety and honour of a nation, 48. The spouse of Christ, 45. Its worship and order, 48. Wrath against enemies proceeds thence, 76.

Comfort, holiness and pardon, 4, 32, 119, 11th and 12th parts. And support in God, 16, 94. From ancient providence, 77, 143. Of life blest, 127. And pardon, 130.

Company of saints, 16, 109.

Complaint of absence from public worship, 42. Of sickness, 6. Desertion, 13, 88. Pride, atheism, 10, 12. Of temptations, 13. General, 102. Of quarrelsome neighbours, 120. Of afflictions in mind and body, 143.

Compassion of God, 103, 145, 147.

Communion with saints, 106, 133.

Confession of our poverty, 16. Of sin, repentance and pardon, 32, 38, 51, 130, 143.

Conscience, tender, 119, 13th part. Its guilt relieved, 32, 38, 51, 130.

Contention complained of, 120.

Converse with God, 63, 119, 2d part.

Conversion and joy, 126. At the ascension of Christ, 110. Of Jews and Gentiles, 87, 96, 106.
Corruption of manners general, 11, 12.
Counsel and support from God, 16, 119.
Courage in death, 16, 17, 71. In persecution, 119, 17th part.
Covenant made with Christ, 89. Of grace unchangeable, 89, 106.
Creation and Providence, 33, 104, 135, 136, 147, 148.
Creatures, no trust in them, 34, 62, 146. Vain, 33. Praising God, 148.

D.

Daily devotion, 55, 139.
Day of humiliation in war, 60.
Death and resurrection of Christ, 16, 69. Of saints and sinners, 17, 37, 49. And sufferings of Christ, 22, 69. Deliverance from it, 31.—And pride, 49. And the resurrection, 49, 71, 89. Courage in it, 16, 17, 23. The effect of sin, 90.
Defence in God, 3, 121. And salvation in God, 18, 61.
Delaying sinners warned, 95.
Delight and safety in the church, 27, 48, 84. In the law of God, 119, 5th, 8th, and 18th parts. In God, 18, 42, 63, 73, 84.
Deliverance, 88. From despair, 18. From deep distress, 34, 40. From death, 31, 118. From oppression, 56. From persecution, 53, 94. By prayer, 34, 40, 85, 126. From slander, 31. Surprising, 126. From temptation, 3, 6, 13, 18. From a tumult, 118.
Desertion and distress of soul, 13, 25, 38, 143.
Desire of knowledge, 119, 9th part. Of holiness, 119, 11th part. Of comfort and deliverance,

119, 12th part. Of quickening grace, 119, 16th part.
Desolations, the church's safety in them, 46.
Despair and hope in death, 17, 49. Deliverance from it, 18, 130.
Devotion, daily, 55, 134, 141.
Direction and pardon, 25. And defence prayed for, 5. And hope, 42.
Disease, see *Sickness*.
Distress of soul, 25. Relieved, 51, 88, 130.
Dominion over creatures, 8.
Doubts suppressed, 3, 31, 43, 143.
Drunkard and glutton, 78, 107.
Duty to God and man, 15, 24.

E.

Education, religious, 34, 78.
Egypt's plagues, 105.
End of the righteous and the wicked, 1, 37.
Enemies overcome, 18. Prayed for, 35, 109. Destroyed, 12, 48, 70.
Envy and unbelief cured, 37, 49.
Equity and wisdom of Providence, 9.
Evening psalm, 4, 139, 141.
Evidences of grace, 26. Of sincerity, 18, 19, 139.
Evil times, 12. Neighbours, 120. Magistrates, 11, 58, 82.
Exaltation of Christ to the kingdom, 2, 21, 22, 69, 72, 110.
Examination, 26, 139.
Exhortations to peace, 34.

F.

Faith of persecuted saints, 35. In the blood of Christ, 32, 51. In divine grace and power, 62, 130.
Faithfulness of God, 89, 105, 111, 145, 146. Of man, 15, 141
Falsehoods, 12. Deliverance from them, 12, 56.

Family blessings, 128.
Fears and doubts suppressed, 3, 31, 34. In the worship of God, 89, 99. Of God, 119, 13th part.
Flattery complained of, 12, 36.
Formal worship, 50.
Frailty of man, 89, 90, 144.
Fretfulness discouraged, 37.
Friendship, its blessings, 133. Unfaithful friends, 31.
Funeral psalm, 89, 90.

G.

Gentiles given to Christ, 2, 22, 72. Church, 45, 65, 72, 87. Owning the true God, 47, 96, 98.
Glory of God in our salvation, 69. And grace promised, 84, 89, 97.
God all in all, 127. All-seeing, 139. All-sufficient, 16, 33. His attributes and providence, 36, 65, 147. His care of saints, 7, 34. Creation and providence, 33, 104, &c. His hand, 75. Our defence, 3, 33, 61, 115. Eternal and sovereign, and holy, 93. Eternal, and man mortal, 90, 102. Faithfulness, 80, 105, 111. Glorified, and sinners saved, 69. Goodness and mercy, and truth, 145, 146. Power and goodness, 66. Great and good, 68, 144, 145, 147. Heart searching, 139. Our only hope, 142. The judge, 9, 50, 97. Kind to his people, 145, 146. His majesty, 97. And condescension, 113, 144. Mercy and truth, 36, 89, 103, 145. Made man, 8. Of nature and grace, 65. Our portion and Christ our hope, 4, 73. His power and majesty, 68, 89, 93, 96. Our preserver, 121, 138. Present in his churches, 84. Our refuge, 46. His sovereignty and goodness to man, 8, 113, 144. Our comfort, 94. Governor, 75, 82, 93. His vengeance and

compassion, 68, 97. Unchangeable, 89, 111. His universal dominion, 103. His wisdom in his works, 111, 139. Worthy of all praise, 145, 146, 150.
Good works, 15, 24, 112.
Goodness of God, 8, 103, 111, 145, 146,
Gospel, 19, 45, 110. Joyful sound, 89, 98. Worship and order, 48.
Government of Christ, 45. From God, 75.
Grace, its evidences, 26, 130. Above riches, 144. Without merit, 16, 32. Of Christ, 45, 72. And providence, 33, 36, 135, 136, 147. Preserving and restoring, 138. Truth and protection, 57. Tried by affliction, 17, 66, 125. And glory, 84, 97. Pardoning, 130.
Guilt of conscience relieved, 32, 38, 51, 130.

H.

Hallelujah, 150.
Happy saint and cursed sinner, 1.
Harvest, 65, 126, 147.
Health, sickness and recovery, 6, 30, 31. Prayer for, 6, 38, 39.
Heart known to God, 139.
Hearing of prayer and salvation, 4, 10, 66, 102.
Heaven and resurrection, 17. The saint's dwelling-place, 24.
Holiness, pardon, 4. Desired, 119, 11th part. Professed, 119, 3d part, 139.
Hope in darkness, 13, 77, 143. Of resurrection, 16, 71. In death, 17, 49. Prayer, 27. For victory, 20. And direction, 42. In afflictions, 42, 143.
Hosanna of the children, 8. For the Lord's day, 118.
Humiliation day, 10. For disappointment, 60.
Humility and submission, 131, 139.
Hypocrites and hypocrisy, 11, 50.

I.

Idolatry reproved, 16, 115, 135.
Jehovah, 68, 83. Reigns, 93, 96, 97.
Imprecations and charity, 35.
Incarnation, 96, 97, 98. And sacrifice of Christ, 40.
Infants, 139, see *Children*.
Instruction, 25. From Scripture, 119, 4th and 7th parts. In piety, 34.
Instructive afflictions, 94.
Joy of conversion, 126, see *Delight*.
Israel saved from the Assyrians, 76. Saved from Egypt, and brought to Canaan, 77, 105, 107, 135, 136. Rebellion and punishment, 78. Punished and pardoned, 106, 107. Travels, 107, 114. In captivity, 137.
Judgment and mercy, 9, 68. Day, 1, 26, 50, 96, 97, 98, 149. Seat, 9.
Justice of providence, 9. And truth towards men, 15.
Justification free, 32, 130.

K.

Knowledge desired, 19, 119, 9th part.

L.

Law of God, delight in it, 119.
Liberality rewarded, 41, 112.
Life and riches, their vanity, 49. Short and feeble, 89, 90, 144.
Longing after God, 42, 63.
Lord's-day psalm, 92, 118. Morning, 5, 19, 63.
Love of God to the righteous, and hatred to the wicked, 1, 11. To our neighbour, 15. Of Christ to sinners, 35. Of God, 63. Of God unchangeable, 89, 106. To enemies, 35, 109. Brotherly, 133.
Luxury, 78. Pardoned, 107.

M.

Magistrates warned, 58, 82. Qualifications, 101. Raised and deposed, 75.
Majesty of God, 68, see *God*.
Man, his vanity as mortal, 39, 89, 144. Mortal and Christ eternal, 102. Wonderful formation, 139.
Marriage mystical, 45.
Meditation, 4, 63, 119, 5th and 6th parts.
Melancholy reproved, 42. And hope, 77. Removed, 26.
Mercies, 68, 103. Innumerable, 139. Everlasting, 136. Recorded, 107. And judgment, 9. And truth of God, 36, 89, 103, 136, 145, 146.
Merit disclaimed, 16.
Midnight thoughts, 63, 119, 5th and 6th parts, 139.
Ministers ordained, 132.
Miracles in the wilderness, 114.
Morning psalm, 3, 141. Of a sabbath, 5, 19, 63.
Mortality of man, 39, 49, 90. And hope, 89. God's eternity, 90, 102.

N.

Nation's prosperity, 67, 144. Blest and punished, 107,
National deliverance, 75, 76, 124, 126. The church's safety and triumph, 46.
Nature and Scripture, 19, 119, 7th part. Of man, 139.

O.

Obedience sincere, 18, 32, 139. Better than sacrifice, 50.
Old age, death, 98. And resurrection, 71, 81.

P.

Pardon, 4. Of backsliding, 78. And direction, 25. Prayed for, 38. And confession, 32. Of

Original and actual sin, 51. Plentiful with God, 130.
Patience, under afflictions, 39. Under persecutions, 37, 44. In darkness, 77, 130, 131.
Peace and holiness encouraged, 34. With men desired, 120.
Perfections of God, 111, 136, 145, 147.
Persecuted saints, their prayer and faith, 35, 44, 74, 80, 83.
Persecution, deliverance from it, 7, 53, 94. Courage in it, 119, 17th part.
Persecutors punished, 7, 75, 129, 149. Their folly, 14. Complained of, 35, 44, 74, 80, 83. Deliverance from them, 9, 10, 94.
Perseverance, 138. In trials, 119, 17th part.
Personal glories of Christ, 45.
Pestilence, preservation in it, 91.
Piety, instructions therein, 34.
Pity to the afflicted, 41.
Pleading without repining, 39, 123. The promises, 119, 10th part.
Poor, charity, 15, 37, 41, 112.
Portion of saints and sinners, 11, 17, 37.
Poverty confessed, 16.
Power and majesty of God, 68, 89, 145. See *God*.
Practical atheism, 14, 36, 53.
Praise to God from children, 8. For creation and providence, 33, 104. To our Creator, 100. For eminent deliverances, 34, 118. General; 86, 145, 150. For the gospel, 98. For health restored, 30, 116. For hearing prayer, 66, 102. To Jesus Christ, 45. From all nations, 117. And prayer public, 65. For protection, 57. For providence and grace, 36. For rain, 65, 147. From the saints, 149, 150. Temporal blessings, 68, 147. For temptations overcome, 18. In war, *ibid.*

Prayer heard, 4, 34, 65, 66. In time of war, 20. And hope of victory, 20. Praise public, 65. And hope, 27. In church's distress, 80. Heard, and Zion restored, 102. And faith of persecuted saints, 35, 37, 56. And praise for deliverance, 34, 38.
Preserving grace, 138.
Preservation in public dangers, 46, 91, 112. Daily, 121.
Pride and atheism punished, 10, 12. And death, 49.
Priesthood of Christ, 51, 110.
Princes vain, 62, 146.
Profession of sincerity, repentance, &c. 119, 3d part, 139. False, 50.
Promises and threatenings, 81. Pleaded, 119, 10th part.
Prosperity dangerous, 55, 73.
Prosperous sinners, 37, 49, 73.
Protection, truth and grace, 57. By day and night, 121.
Providence, 9. And creation, 33, 135, 136. And grace, 36, 147. And perfections of God, 36. Its mystery unfolded, 73. Recorded, 77, 78, 107. In air, earth and sea, 35, 65, 89, 104, 107, 147.
Prudence, and zeal, 39.
Psalm for soldiers, 18, 60. For old age, 71. For husbandmen, 65. For a funeral, 89, 90. For the Lord's day, 92. Before prayer, 95 Before sermon, *ibid.* For magistrates, 101. For mariners, 107. For gluttons and drunkards, 107. For America, 107.
Public Praise for private mercies, 116, 118. For deliverance, 124. Worship, absence from it complained of, 42. Prayer and praise, 65, 84.

Punishment of sinners, 11, 37. And salvation, 73, 81, 106.
Purposes holy, 119, 15th part.

Q.

Qualifications of a Christian, 15, 24.
Quarrelsome neighbours, 120.
Quickening grace, 119, 16th part.

R.

Rain from heaven, 65, 135, 147.
Recovery from sickness, 6, 30, 116
Relative duties, 15, 133.
Religion and justice, 15. In words and deeds, 37.
Religious education, 34, 78.
Remembrance of former deliverance, 77, 143.
Repentance, 32. And prayer for pardon and strength, 38. And faith in the blood of Christ, 51.
Reproach removed, 31, 37.
Resignation, 39, 123, 131.
Resolutions holy, 119, 15th part.
Restoring grace, 23, 138.
Resurrection and death of Christ, 2, 16. Of the saints, 16, 17, 49, 71. And death, 49, 71, 89.
Reverence in worship, 89, 99.
Riches, their vanity, 49, 144.
Righteousness from Christ, 71.

S.

Sacrifice, 40, 51, 69. Incarnation of Christ, 40.
Safety, 91. Triumph of the church in national desolations, 46. In God, 61.
Saints happy and sinners cursed, 1, 11, 119, 1st part. Safety, 12, 46. The best company, 16. Characterized, 15, 24. And sinners' portion, 1, 17. Dwell in heaven, 15, 24. Punished and saved, 78, 106. God's care of them, 34. Rewarded at last, 50, 90, 92. And sinners' end,

1, 11, 37. Patience, 37. Chastised and sinners destroyed, 94. Die, but Christ lives, 102. Punished and pardoned, 106, 107. Conducted to heaven, 106, 107. Tried and preserved, 66, 125. Afflictions moderated, 125. Judging the world, 149.
Salvation of saints, 10. And triumph, 18. And defence in God, 61. By Christ, 66, 85
Sanctified afflictions, 94, 119, 18th part.
Satan subdued, 3, 6, 13.
Scripture compared with the book of nature, 19, 119, 7th part. Instruction from it, 119, 4th part. Delight in it, 119, 5th and 18th parts. Holiness and comfort from it, 119, 6th part. Perfections, 119, 7th part. Excellency, 119, 8th part. Attended with the Spirit, 119, 9th part.
Seasons of the year, 65, 147.
Secret devotion, 34, 119, 2d part.
Seeking God, 27, 63.
Self-examination, 26, 139.
Separate souls, heaven, 17.
Shepherd of saints is Jesus, 23
Sheep strayed, 119, 19th part.
Sick-bed devotion, 6, 38, 39, 116.
Sickness healed, 6, 30, 116.
Signs of Christ's coming, 12, 96, &c.
Sin of nature, 14. Original and actual, 51. And chastisement of saints, 78, 106. Universal, 14.
Sincerity, 19, 26, 22, 139. Proved and rewarded, 18. Professed, 119, 3d part.
Sinners cursed and saints happy, 1, 11. And saints' portion, 1, 17, 37, 50. Hatred, and saints' patience, 36. Destroyed, and saints chastised, 94.
Sins of tongue, 12, 34, 50.
Slander, 31, 120.

Souls in separate state, 17, 146.
Spirit given at Christ's ascension, 68. His teaching, 51, 119, 9th part.
Spiritual enemies overcome, 3, 18, 144. Blessings, 81. Mindedness, 119, 2d part.
Spouse of Christ is the church, 45.
Spring of the year, 65. And summer, 65, 104. And winter, 147.
Storm and thunder, 29, 135, 148.
Strength prayed for, 38. From Christ, 71. Of grace, 138.
Submission, 123, 131. To Christ, 2. To sickness, 39.
Success of the gospel, 19, 110.
Sufferings and death of Christ, 22. Kingdom of Christ, 2, 22, 69, 110.
Summer, 65. Winter, 147.
Support, 16. For the afflicted, 55. And comfort in God, 94, 119, 14th part.
Surety and sacrifice of Christ, 40.

T.

Temptations overcome, 3, 18. In sickness, 6.—Escapes from them, 25. Of the devil, 13. Support under them, 3, 55, 94.
Tender conscience, 119, 13th part.
Thanks, public for private mercies, 116, 118, see *Praise*.
Threatenings and promises, 81.
Thunder and storm, 29, 135, 136, 148
Times, evil, 11, 12.
Tongue governed, 34, 39.
Trial of our graces by afflictions, 66, 125. Of our hearts, 26, 139.
Triumph at the last day, 149.
Trust in creatures vain, 62, 146.
Trust in God, 42.
Truth, grace and protection, 57, 145, 146. Deliverance by it, 118.

U.

Unbelief cured, 37. Punished, 95.
Unchangeable God, 89, 111.

V.

Vanity of man as mortal, 39, 89, 144. Of life and riches, 40.
Vengeance, 68. Against the enemies of the church, 76, 149.
Victory prayed for, 20. Over temptations, 6, 18, 144.
Vineyard of God wasted, 80.
Vows paid, 116. Of holiness, 119, 15th part.

W.

Waiting for direction, 25. For answer to prayer, 85, 130, 143.
War, 20. Disappointments, 60. Victory, 18. Spiritual, 18, 144.
Warnings of God to his people, 81.
Watchfulness, 19, 141.
Weather, 65, 107, 135, 147, 148.
Wickedness of man, 14, 36, 51.
Wisdom of God in his works, 111.
Works of creation and Providence, 104, 147, 148. And grace, 19, 33, 111, 135, 136. Good works profit men, 16.
World's hatred, 37.
Worship and order of the gospel, 48. Delight in it, 84. With reverence, 89, 99. Daily, 55, 134, 141. Public, 63, 84, 122, 132. Absence from it, 42, 63.

Z.

Zeal and prudence, 39.
Zion, 15. Its privileges, 132.

H Y M N S,

FOR THE USE OF

THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH,

IN

The United States of America.

PUBLISHED BY THE SYNOD OF SAID CHURCH.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being.—Psa. civ. 33.

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood—to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.—Rev. i. 5, 6.

THIRD EDITION.

BALTIMORE:

JAMES LUCAS & E. K. DEAVER, PRINTERS,

No. 19, South Calvert Street.

.....

1836

HYMNS.

I. Universal Praise.

HYMN 1. L. M.

Universal praise to God.

1 TO God, the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heav'ns stretch'd o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame,
To celebrate its Builder's fame.

3 Here the bright sun that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way;
To all the world proclaims aloud,
The boundless sov'reignty of God.

4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And through the night his praise prolong.

5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

6 But man, endow'd with nobler pow'rs,
His God in nobler strains adores;
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

HYMN 2. L. M.

Universal praise to God.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;

Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

4 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

5 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

HYMN 3. C. P. M.

Praise from all creatures.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above,
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire
The mighty chorus aid;

And soon as ev'ning veils the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain,
And praise him in the shade.

4 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous pow'r proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

5 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God;
Ye worlds declare his might:
He spake the word, and ye were made,
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.

6 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air, or treads the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

7 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

8 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous Name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

HYMN 4. H. M.

A general song of praise.

1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let ev'ry land adore;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his pow'r.
Let cheerful songs declare his ways,
And let his praise inspire your tongues.

2 Enter his courts with joy,
With fear address the Lord;
He form'd us with his hand,
And quicken'd by his word.
With wide command he spreads his sway
O'er ev'ry sea, and ev'ry land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And ev'ry blessing give;
We feed upon his care,
And in his pastures live.
With cheerful songs declare his ways,
And let his praise inspire your tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heav'n shall last,
His promises endure.
With bounteous hand he spreads his sway
O'er ev'ry sea, and ev'ry land.

II. The Scriptures.

HYMN 5. C. M.

The Bible.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines!

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;

Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a sweet repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invites the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

6 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

7 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

HYMN 6. L. M.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;

There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hopes secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN 7. L. M.

The Holy Scriptures.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record;
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and blest;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye nations all, who read his love,
In long epistles from above;
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land,) praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 8. C. M.

The inspired word, a system of knowledge and joy.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 9. L. M.

The usefulness of the Scriptures.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
Its sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favour'd lands, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

HYMN 10. C. M.

The light and glory of the word.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;

It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 11. C. M.

The Holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;

My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 12. L. M.

Bible indited and preserved by the Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspir'd,
And kings, and holy seers of old,
With strong prophetic impulse fir'd.

2 Fill'd with thy great almighty pow'r,
Their lips with heav'nly science flow'd;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news
Of pardon, through a Saviour's blood;
And to a num'rous seeking crowd
Mark'd out the path to his abode.

4 The pow'rs of earth and hell, in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence through ev'ry age,
Securely guards the book divine.

5 Thee, its great author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore.

HYMN 13. L. M.

The gospel of Christ.

1 GOD in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known,
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influ'nce makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near mine eye;
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

HYMN 14. L. M.

The power of the gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lust its wondrous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage,
A sure defence from all their rage.

III. Being and Attributes of God.

HYMN 15. L. M.

Being of God.

1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds, his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise
Above the weak attempts of art;
The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

4 Ye curious minds who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
Bow down before him and adore.

HYMN 16. L. M.

The unity of God.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

HYMN 17. C. M.

Eternity of God.

1 THOU didst, O mighty God, exist,
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space.

2 Before the pondrous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.

3 Ere men ador'd or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, (O sacred spring of life!)
And glory were the same.

4 And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin break,

And all this vast and goodly frame,
Sinks in the mighty wreck:

5 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back;
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake:

6 For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

HYMN 18. C. M.

God's eternity.

1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,

My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

HYMN 19. C. M.

The Infinite.

1 THY names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting one!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

HYMN 20. L. M.

God incomprehensible.

1 WHAT finite pow'r with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal mind?
Or who th' Almighty Three in One,
By searching to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise
Harmonious, their adoring songs;
Their lab'ring thoughts sink down opprest,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful, tribute bring.

HYMN 21. L. M.

God unchangeable.

1 SHALL e'er the shadow of a change
Eclipse the origin of light?
Or can the hopes which truth has rais'd,
Lie buried in eternal night?

2 Sooner may nature's laws reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear in blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd:

3 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake;
And nature lose her rapid force,
Before our God a change can make.

4 Earth may with all her works dissolve,
(If such her great Creator's will;)
But HE for ever is the same,
I AM! is his memorial still.

HYMN 22. L. M.

God's sovereignty.

1 GOD is a King of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

2 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole,
He calms the tempest of the soul;

When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

4 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

5 These are a portion of his ways,
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

HYMN 23. C. M.

God invisible.

1 THE great Invisible Unknown,
Who fills th' eternal throne,
Is King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Jehovah, God alone.

2 'Tis far beyond blind mortal eyes
To see his bright abode;
Nor can created minds e'er glance
A thought half way to God.

3 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
Th' Eternal reigns alone;
Where human minds, nor finite wings,
Can mount the topless throne.

4 Let ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue,
His matchless pow'r proclaim;
And heav'n and earth, rocks, hills, and seas,
Repeat their loud Amen.

HYMN 24. L. M.

Power and dominion of God.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty array'd;
His rule Omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
Thy awful throne was fix'd above;
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar;
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks—and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;
And Lord, thy people shall be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

HYMN 25. C. M.

Omnipresence and omniscience of God.

1 LORD! thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my pow'rs;
My rising steps are watch'd by thee,
By thee my resting hours.

2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee;
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd,
With thine immensity.

3 To thee the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;

Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy list'ning ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there,
Before me shines thy name;
And 'tis thy strong almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.

5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essay
Of my astonish'd mind;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its tow'ring summit find.

HYMN 26. C. M.

Omniscience of God.

1 THE eye of God is ev'ry where
To watch the sinner's ways;
He sees who join in humble pray'r,
And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Can pierce and search us through;
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

3 The universe, in ev'ry part,
At once before thee lies;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart,
Is open to thine eyes.

4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise
With fervent, holy love;
And fit us by thy word of grace,
To worship thee above.

HYMN 27. L. M.

Wisdom and knowledge of God.

1 AWAKE my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him, who gave thee pow'r to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all these heav'nly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace!
To save the sons of Adam's race;
Here wisdom shines for ever bright,
Praise him my soul with sweet delight.

HYMN 28. L. M.

The justice of God.

1 ETERNAL King! the greatest, best,
For ever glorious, ever blest;
The great I AM, Jehovah, Lord,
By seraphim and saint ador'd.

2 Justice the firm foundation lays
Of all thy laws, thy works and ways;
Obedient souls will ever find
A God that's faithful, loving, kind.

3 But he who sins becomes accurs'd,
Or God would be no longer just;
Curs'd is the man who dares withdraw
Obedience from thy holy law.

4 Where then, great God, or how shall we
Approach thy dreadful majesty!
Thy sacred law we oft have broke,
And stand obnoxious to thy stroke.

5 But O thou holy, just and true!
Though justice must have all its due,
Thou canst be just, yet justify
The soul that doth on Christ rely.

6 O boundless wisdom, love and pow'r!
Thy matchless mercy we adore,
That found out this amazing plan
To save thy ruin'd creature, man.

7 We plead the suff'rings of thy Son;
We plead his righteousness alone;
He bore the curse, whence thou art just
In pard'ning those who were accurs'd.

HYMN 29. C. M.

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy, Lord, the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us sing!

2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

3 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

4 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

5 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

HYMN 30. L. M.

Faithfulness of God.

1 YE humble saints proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God;

How just and true are all his ways!
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare,
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny;
A God all truth can never lie;
As well might he his being quit,
As break his oath, or word forget

4 Let frighted rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd,

5 Let sun and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heav'n and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

HYMN 31. L. M.

Truth and faithfulness.

1 JEHOVAH is a God of might,
He fram'd the earth, he built the sky;
And what he speaks is surely right,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

2 Ye weary souls, with sin opprest,
To him let ev'ry trouble fly;
His promise is, "I'll give you rest,"
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

3 Then why sunk down beneath despair?
To Jesus' throne of grace apply;

His promise plead, he'll hear your pray'r,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

4 Ask what you will in Jesus' name,
He never will your suit deny;
To save you from the curse he came,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

5 Behold! I come, most gracious Lord,
And on thy promise now rely;
In my distress, how sweet this word,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

HYMN 32. C. M.

Goodness of God.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?

Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

HYMN 33. C. M.

Love of God.

1 COME ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
To show, that God is love.

3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders his dreadful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

4 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs,
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,
His love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Thro' earth and heav'n above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

HYMN 34. L. M.

The loving-kindness of the Lord.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

HYMN 35. L. M.

Holiness or perfections of God united.

1 INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heav'n's Supreme should stoop so low,
To visit one so vile as I,
One who has been his bitt'rest foe?

2 Can holiness and wisdom join
With truth, with justice, and with grace;
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin with all its guilt erase?

3 O love! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan!
Where all divine perfections meet,
To reconcile rebellious man!

4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains!
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,
In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depths of grace;
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

7 With grateful songs, then let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

HYMN 36. L. M.

God exalted above all praise.

1 ETERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of our God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step above thy seat,
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thy height with wond'ring eyes.

3 Lord what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heav'n, but man below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

IV. Trinity.

HYMN 37. C. M.

The Holy Trinity.

1 HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heav'nly host ador'd,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity,
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speak thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess,
Thee, holy Son, adore;
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive!
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.

5 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three!

HYMN 38. L. M.

One God in Three Persons.

1 ADORE the Father and the Son,
And God the Spirit, all divine;
Who are distinct, and yet but One,
And only One, in their design.

2 In his own Son, the Father shone
In rays of majesty and light;
In Him, the Deity came down,
Man with the Godhead to unite.

3 Almighty Spirit, glorious God,
To thee our humble notes we raise;
Thy quick'ning grace we'll sound abroad,
While we have breath thy name to praise.

4 Thus we'll adore the sacred Three,
From whence our whole salvation came;
And still through vast eternity,
Thy endless grandeur loud proclaim.

HYMN 39. C. M.

A song of praise to the Holy Trinity.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame,
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

V. Creation.

HYMN 40. L. M.

Creation.

1 LOOK up, ye saints! direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;

With your glad notes his praise rehearse,
Who form'd the mighty universe.

2 He spoke, and from the womb of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light;
Him discord heard; and at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run;
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay,
To glide along the ethereal way.

4 Teeming with light—air, earth and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree:
To ev'ry tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man;
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine!

HYMN 41. C. M.

Creation.

1 LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air,

The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty pow'r declare.

4 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And O! let man thy praise record,
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

5 From thee the breath of life he drew,
That breath thy pow'r maintains;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely blest.

HYMN 42. C. M.

A song to creating Wisdom.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings!
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly die,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;

Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore and love.

VI. Providence.

HYMN 43. C. M.

The blessings of Providence.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.

3 Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No pow'r could guard me from my foes,
But my Preserver, God.

4 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd mine eye!
How many pass'd almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by.

5 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought,
Would count thy mercies o'er.

6 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And ev'ry weakness dies;
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

9 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

HYMN 44. C. M.

The mysteries of Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 45. L. M.

Wisdom of Providence.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions all be still!
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise,
His providence and ways are wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs the work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heav'n, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat:
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 46. C. M.

God our preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear,
While we confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that form'd us first;

Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,
Our maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN 47. 5s & 6s.

The Lord will provide.

1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scriptures assure us,
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written
The Lord will provide.

3 We may like the ships
By tempest be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey
Like Abr'am of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;

For though we are strangers
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain;
The God that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name;
In this our strong tow'r
For safety we hide,
The Lord is our pow'r,
The Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting
With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

HYMN 48. L. M.

Providence equitable and kind.

1 THRO' all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good;
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy pow'rful hand can raise us up.

5 Thy pow'rful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,
That secret wets the widow's eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
On thy eternal will depend:
And all for greater good were giv'n,
And all shall in thy glory end.

7 This be my care; to all beside
Indiff'rent let my wishes be;
"Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
"And fix'd, O God, my soul, on thee."

HYMN 49. L. M.

The darkness of providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence,

Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Thro' all the briars, and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN 50. C. M.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter.

1 GREAT God of Providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hov'ring cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

HYMN 51. P. M.

My times are in thy hand.

1 SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand—
All events at thy command.

2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time—
All appointed were by him.

3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

4 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

5 Times the tempter's pow'r to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, at last, and end,
As shall please my heav'nly Friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

7 O thou Gracious, Wise and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

8 May I always own thy hand—
Still to thee surrender'd stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

HYMN 52. S. M.

Trust in divine providence.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands;

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 No profit canst thou gain,
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest pray'r.

4 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

5 And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What thy unerring wisdom choose,
Thy pow'r to being brings.

6 Thou ev'ry where hast way,
And all things serve thy might,
Thine ev'ry act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

7 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
When all thy children want, thou giv'st;
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

HYMN 53. S. M.

Trust in divine providence.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caus'd thy needless fear.

HYMN 54. C. M.

Resignation to Providence.

1 IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;

And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

6 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire;
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.

8 And can my soul with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God, take what thou please,
I'll cheerfully resign.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Resignation to Providence.

1 LORD, hast thou call'd me by thy grace,
And form'd my heart anew;
And are these joys which now I taste,
The pledge of glory too?

2 I leave inferior things with thee,
Since thou hast won my heart;
Whatever, Lord, is good for me,
Do thou that good impart.

3 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply;

Unask'd-for good, Lord, to me grant,
What's ill, though ask'd, deny.

HYMN 56. L. M.

We rely on God our Father.

1 BENEATH a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope, in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

2 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our heavy cares,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

3 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;
And on thy cov'nant, love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 57. C. M.

It is well.

1 IT shall be well, let sinners know,
With those who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so,
By resting on his word.

2 Peace, then, ye chasten'd sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell;
Wisdom directs your Father's rod,
His word says, it is well.

3 Though you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell;
Your heav'nly Father's love is sure,
And therefore it is well.

4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

VII. Fall and Depravity of Man.

HYMN 58. C. M.

Corrupt nature from Adam.

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason hath lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore;
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN 59. C. M.

Original sin.

1 NOW back with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Conceiv'd in sin, O wretched state!
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Depravity and death.

4 Wild and unwholesome as the root,
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit,
From such a deadly tree.

5 What mortal pow'r from things unclean,
Can pure productions bring;
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

6 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean;
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and sin.

7 The second Adam can restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r,
That new creates our dust.

HYMN 60. L. M.

The first and second Adam.

1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own the unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame;

2 Adam the sinner: at his fall,
Death like a conq'ror seiz'd us all:
A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own:
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 By the rebellion of one man,
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.

6 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord, our righteousness

HYMN 61. L. M.

The fall and recovery of man.

1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father fell,
When Satan in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning—death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 "The woman's seed shall be my Son;
"He shall destroy what thou hast done;
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

HYMN 62. L. M.

Original sin; or, the first and second Adam.

1 ADAM, our father and our head
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead;

The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve or pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak—are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

3 In vain we ask, for all around
Stand silent through the heav'nly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above,
Has half the strength, or half the love.

4 But O! unmeasurable grace!
The Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

HYMN 63. S. M.

The evil heart.

1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of ev'ry sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;

My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 64. C. M.

We are corrupt and incapable of doing good.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only help is sov'reign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But grace prevents the fall.

6 The man, possess'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.

HYMN 65. L. M.

The effects of the fall lamented.

1 ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abus'd, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

VIII. Redemption.

HYMN 66. C. M.

Redemption by Christ.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood:

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy man,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thy honour shall for ever be
The bus'ness of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN 67. C. M.

Redemption by price and power.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part;
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood:

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN 68. 7, 8.

Redeeming love.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing loud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;

As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 69. L. M.

Redemption by Christ alone.

1 ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace,
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid;

Invalu'd price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

4 Jesus the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging justice fell.

5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

HYMN 70. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,

And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord!
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

HYMN 71. C. M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm, for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 72. C. M.

God reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 73. L. M.

Salvation by grace in Christ.

1 NOW to the pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours giv'n;
He saves from hell (we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down

5 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 74. C. M.

Christ's commission.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs,

Come, render to almighty grace,
The tributes of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace:
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN 75. H. M.

Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 76. 8, 7, & 4s.

Finished redemption.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heav'n,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

IX. Covenant of Grace.

HYMN 77. L. M.

Rainbow of the covenant.

1 WHEN in the cloud, with colours fair,
I see the cov'nant's bow appear;
Its beauteous form and lovely rays,
Awake my soul to love and praise.

2 It shows to me how firm the base,
The oath, the promise, and the grace,
Which God of old, ere time began,
To Zion sware in Christ his Son.

3 Dejected saint, dismiss thy fears,
Still round the throne this bow appears,
Proclaiming peace and mercy free,
And full salvation now to thee.

4 It points thy soul to Jesus now;
Vindictive wrath once smote his brow;
That on thy guilty soul and mine,
No storms should beat of wrath divine.

5 Here, when thy fears begin to rise,
And hope in disappointment dies;
This cov'nant bow thy fears shall quell,
'Twas made for thee, in all things well.

6 Should sin prevail, and sorrows rise,
And guilt and darkness veil the skies;
Still round the throne the bow shall be,
No sign of wrath, but love to thee.

HYMN 78. L. M.

Stability of the covenant.

1 REJOICE, ye saints, in ev'ry state,
Divine decrees remain unmov'd;
No turns of Providence abate,
God's care for those he once hath lov'd.

2 Firmer than heav'n his cov'nant stands,
Tho' earth should shake, and skies depart;
We're safe in our Redeemer's hands,
Who bears our names upon his heart.

3 Our surety knows for whom he stood,
And gave himself a sacrifice;
The souls once sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that never dies.

4 Though darkness spread around our tent,
Though fears prevail and joys decline;
God will not of his oath repent,
Dear Lord, thy people still are thine.

HYMN 79. 8s & 7s.

Covenant love.

1 FAR beyond all comprehension
Is Jehovah's cov'nant love:
Who can fathom its dimension,
Or its unknown limits prove?

2 Ere the earth upon its basis,
By creating pow'r was built,

His designs were wise and gracious,
For removing human guilt.

3 He display'd his grand intention,
On the mount of Calvary;
When he died for our redemption,
Lifted high upon the tree.

4 O! how sweet to view the flowing
Of his soul-redeeming blood!
With divine assurance knowing
That it made my peace with God.

5 Freely thou wilt bring to heaven
All thy chosen ransom'd race,
Who to thee, their head, were given,
In the covenant of grace.

HYMN 80. C. M.

Support in God's covenant under trouble.

1 MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in his matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What, though my house be not with thee
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heav'n my final home:

4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy cov'nant the last accent claims
Of this poor falt'ring tongue;

And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

HYMN 81. L. M.

Hope in the covenant.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God;
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

X. Jesus, Saviour.

HYMN 82. C. M.

The name of Jesus.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;

My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 83. L. M.

Jesus—the gift of God.

1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the bus'ness of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
Which I, through faith, have often seen
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness,
Dispel the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distrest,
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say, this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at pain or want repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

5 This precious jewel let me keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;

At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart.

HYMN 84. L. M.

Jesus the only Saviour.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save us from eternal wo.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heav'n approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

HYMN 85. C. M.

Jesus.

1 BLESS'D Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove;
How is my soul with transport lost
In wonder, joy, and love.

2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compar'd with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell,
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

6 When nature faints—around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

HYMN 86. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

HYMN 87. C. M.

Saviour.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

3 Th' Almighty Former of the skies,
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd, with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall:
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my ALL!

Divinity of Christ.

HYMN 88. L. M.

Jesus is God and man.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r all things were made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?

4 But lo! he leaves those heav'nly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When thro' his flesh the Godhead shone.

6 The angels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 89. L. M.

Christ is the eternal Son of God.

1 O CHRIST, thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's eternal Son;
The Father's fulness, life divine,
Mysteriously are also thine.

2 When rolling years brought on the day,
Foretold and fix'd for this display,
Our great deliv'rance to obtain,
Thou didst our nature not disdain.

3 At God's right hand, now, Lord, thou'rt plac'd,
And with thy Father's glory grac'd,
True God and man in person one;
A Judge to pass our final doom.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
On high exalt and honour thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

HYMN 90. L. M.

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy feet;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful seat.

2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery, to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one;
Distinct in persons, and in names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

Incarnation of Christ.

HYMN 91. 8s & 7s.

The birth of Christ.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heav'nly hallelujahs rise

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;

"Glory, in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good will from heav'n,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heav'n and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name, and taste his joy,
Till in heav'n ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"

HYMN 92. C. M.

Angels' song.

1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice; lift up your eyes,
"And send your fears away;
"News from the region of the skies,
"Salvation's born to-day.

2 "Jesus, the God, whom angels fear,
"Comes down to dwell with you;
"To-day he makes his entrance here,
"But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
"Nor royal shining things;
"A manger for his cradle stands,
"And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
"And see his humble throne;
"With tears of joy in all your eyes,
"Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng;

They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 "Glory to God, who reigns above,
"Let peace surround the earth;
"Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
"At their Redeemer's birth."

HYMN 93. L. M.

Birth of Christ.

1 TO us a child is born from heav'n;
To us the Son of God is giv'n;
The government of worlds he made,
Upon his shoulders shall be laid.

2 His name, the Wonderful shall be;
His wonders heav'n and earth shall see;
The Counsellor of truth and grace,
Who leads in paths of righteousness.

3 The Mighty God, that glorious name,
His works and word join to proclaim;
The everlasting Father, He,
And the whole church his family.

4 The Prince of peace, on David's throne,
And nations yet unborn, shall own
His sov'reign, and his gracious sway;
Glad of the honour to obey.

5 Justice and judgment he'll maintain;
To everlasting ages reign;
And his blest empire shall increase,
Till time with all its movements cease.

HYMN 94. L. M.

Birth of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the day! the appointed day!
The prophecies are all fulfilled!
The day which Abr'am long'd to see,
Which ushers in the holy child.

2 Angelic legions catch the flame,
And down to earth they wing their way;
They hail the shepherds, and proclaim,
"Jesus the God is born to-day?"

3 A wondrous star in heav'n appears,
The herald of the new-born King!
Who comes to banish all our fears,
And a complete salvation bring.

4 This type of Jacob's brilliant star,
Whose matchless glories shine abroad;
Guided the sages from afar,
To worship the incarnate God.

5 The blazing meteor wav'd on high,
And led them through the unknown road;
Guided to Judah's land, their way,
And hover'd o'er his mean abode.

6 The infant Saviour, and their God,
Fill'd their whole souls with strange surprise;
They own'd his pow'r, confess'd him Lord,
And paid their off'rings and their praise.

7 Thus may we seek the Saviour's face,
And bow before his sacred throne!
O may we feel his saving grace,
And triumph in the Lord alone.

HYMN 95. C. M.

The Incarnation.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sov'reign Pow'r,
By whom the worlds were made;
(O happy morn, illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh array'd.

3 Then shone almighty pow'r and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

HYMN 96. 11, 12 & 10s.

Praise to Christ.

1 ZION! the marvellous story be telling,
The son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

HYMN 97. S. M.

The Incarnation.

1 YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of your King;
To Jesus your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much oblig'd as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high;
They never knew such depths of wo,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie,
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more!

HYMN 98. C. M.

The Incarnation of Christ.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;

The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
"Good will and peace are now complete;
"Jesus was born to die."

7 Hail Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 99. 11s & 10s.

Birth of Christ.

1 HAIL the blest morn! when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger;
Lo! for your guide, the bright Angel attends.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion
Odours of Eden, and off'rings divine; [ocean,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the
Myrrh from the forest, & gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

Life and Ministry of Christ.

HYMN 100. C. M.

The Redeemer's message.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour's come,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire:
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with his righteousness and grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 101. L. M.

The example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word:

But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God the judge shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN 102. L. M.

Our example.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:

If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move!

HYMN 103. C. M.

Who went about doing good.

1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found;
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes ungrateful, sought his life;
He labour'd for their good.

5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd;
While humble pray'r and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.

6 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear:
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

HYMN 104. L. M.

Transfiguration.

1 ON Tabor's top the Saviour stands,
His alter'd face resplendent shines,
And while he elevates his hands,
Lo! glory marks its gentle lines!

2 Two heav'nly forms descend to wait
Upon their suff'ring Prince below;
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching wo.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes,
And with submission, all serene
He marks the future tempest rise.

4 Then let us climb the mount of pray'r,
Where all his beaming glories shine,
And gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 Oh, that on yonder heav'nly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils—
I too may elevate my hands.

Sufferings and Death of Christ.

HYMN 105. L. M.

He suffered.

1 O LORD, when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
The flowing tears, and crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands, and head, and feet!

3 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

4 The sorrow, shame, and death were *thine*,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the pardon, life and bliss!
What love can be compar'd to this?

HYMN 106. L. M.

Gethsemane.

1 'TIS midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

HYMN 107. C. M.

He suffered and died.

1 FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heav'n and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize!

The sun as darkest night be black,
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God!

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed ev'ry thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

HYMN 108. C. M.

Christ sustained the pains of hell.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer in his soul
Sustain'd the pains of hell;
The wrath of God without control,
On him our surety fell.

3 He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends,
To love so full, so free;

And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred pow'r to me?

6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

HYMN 109. L. M.

Behold the Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love!
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load:
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound,
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee,
Where else can helpless sinners go
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and wo.

HYMN 110. C. M.

The love of a dying Saviour.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 111. L. M.

He was crucified.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 Believers, now behold the man!
The man of grief condemn'd for you,
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

3 His sacred limbs they pierce, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs! exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

4 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

5 Thou dear, thou suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
Constrain us with thy dying love!

HYMN 112. L. M.

It is Christ that died.

1 SINNERS rejoice, 'tis Christ that died!
Behold the blood flows from his side,
To wash your souls and raise you high,
To dwell with God above the sky!

2 'Tis Christ that died, O love divine!
Here mercy, truth, and justice shine;
God reconcil'd, and sinners bought
With Jesus' blood—how sweet the thought.

3 'Tis Christ that died, a truth indeed,
On which my faith would ever feed;
Nor let the works that I perform
Be nam'd, to swell a haughty worm.

4 'Tis Christ that died, 'tis Christ was slain,
To save my soul from endless pain;
'Tis Christ that died, shall be my theme,
While I have breath to praise his name.

HYMN 113. L. M.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 114. L. M.

It is finished.

1 'TIS finish'd—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died;
'Tis finish'd—yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd—heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

HYMN 115. 8s & 7s.

Gazing on the cross.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heav'n,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

HYMN 116. C. M.

The resurrection of Christ.

1 BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;

Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

HYMN 117. 7s.

The resurrection of Christ.

1 CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save,
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—thou.

HYMN 118. H. M.

The resurrection of Christ.

1 YES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conq'ring head:
In wild dismay the guards around,
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,

To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled,
"Hath left the dead—he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound—
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry—"Jesus who bled,
"Hath left the dead, no more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And empires gain beyond the skies.

HYMN 119. L. M.

The resurrection of Christ a pledge of ours.

1 WHEN I the lonely tomb survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie,
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
Sweet pledge!—that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!

3 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives, their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

HYMN 120. L. M.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my ever-living head!

2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save;
He lives all-glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my prophet, priest, and king.

7 He lives and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

8 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN 121. 7s.

The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

1 ANGELS! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!
See! the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Shout ye seraphs, Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound,
Echo to the blissful sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
See the conq'ror mount the skies;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail, and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide!
Glorious Hero! through them ride!
King of glory! mount thy throne—
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Praise and sweep your golden lyres!
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

HYMN 122. L. M.

The ascension of Christ.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;

The pow'rs of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 "Who is the King of Glory, who!"
The Lord of boundless pow'r possest;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN 123. 7s.

The ascension of Christ.

1 HAIL, the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n;
There the pompous triumph waits,
"Lift your heads eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant scene,
"Take the King of Glory in!"

2 Him though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;

Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away;
See, thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee;
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height—
Grant our souls may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Looking for a happier home:
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see—
Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN 124. C. M.

The ascension of Christ.

1 IT is the voice of love divine,
That strikes the list'ning ear,
That soothes his mourning follow'rs grief,
And wipes the falling tear.

2 "Because I leave this world," he cries,
"Your weeping eyes o'erflow,
"But though I seek my native skies,
"My heart remains below.

3 "My Spirit shall descend, and rest
"Upon each faithful head,
"Till I, your Lord, return to call
"My servants from the dead."

4 He said—and lifting up his hands,
Pronounc'd his parting pray'r;
When lo, a bright descending cloud
Convey'd him through the air.

5 With solemn awe his foll'wers view'd
The splendour of the scene,
While the unfolding gates of light
Receiv'd the Saviour in.

6 Burning with holy zeal, they spread
Through distant lands his word;
And we, like them, with faith and joy,
Expect our risen Lord.

Exaltation and Intercession of Christ.

HYMN 125. L. M.

The exalted Saviour.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 Jesus, who died that we might live—
Died in the wretched traitor's place;
O what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store;

Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,
Would still confess the off'rer poor.

6 Yet, though for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raise;
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 126. C. M.

Redeemer praised by angels.

1 BEYOND the glitt'ring starry skies.
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels round his throne
In countless armies shine;
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, glorious Prince of Peace," they cry,
"Whose unexampled love
"Mov'd thee to quit those blissful realms,
"And royalties above."

4 Thro' all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft wond'ring, how, or where, at last,
This mystic scene would end.

5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
And view'd the crimson gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried,
"The glorious work is done."

HYMN 127. L. M.

He sitteth at the right hand of God.

1 JESUS the Lord our souls adore,
A painful suff'rer now no more;

At the right hand of God he reigns
O'er earth, and heav'n's extensive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturb'd his seat:
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.

3 Yet 'midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus at God's right hand now see,
Enter'd within the veil for thee.

HYMN 128. L. M.

The intercession of Christ.

1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:

Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

HYMN 129. C. M.

Christ's intercession prevalent.

1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing
Th' ascending Saviour's love;
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim:
"Father, I will that all my saints
"Be with me where I am:

5 "By thy salvation, recompense
"The sorrows I endur'd;
"Just to the merits of thy Son,
"And faithful to thy word."

6 Eternal life, at his request,
To ev'ry saint is giv'n,
Safety below, and after death,
The plenitude of heav'n.

HYMN 130. S. M.

Intercession of Christ.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinner's blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus, the priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high;
"Hosanna to the God of grace,
"That lays his thunder by.

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
"And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains,
To speak immortal love!

Offices of Christ.

HYMN 131. C. M.

The offices of Christ.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King,
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his blessed name,
Who saves by glorious ways;
Th' anointed Saviour has a claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 132. H. M.

The offices of Christ.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sin forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear and mighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the pow'r: behold! I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Saviour leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

6 Should all the hosts of hell,
And pow'rs of death unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of death and mischief on:
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior pow'r and guardian grace.

HYMN 133. H. M.

Christ our High Priest.

1 A GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came;
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 My Lord a Priest is made,
As sware the mighty God
To Israel and his seed;
Ordain'd to offer blood
For sinners, who his mercy seek;
A priest as was Melchisedek.

3 He once temptations knew,
Of ev'ry sort and kind,
That he might succour show
To ev'ry tempted mind:
In ev'ry point, the Lamb was tried,
Like us, and then for us he died.

4 I other priests disclaim,
And laws and off'rings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do:
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and died for me.

HYMN 134. 6s & 4s.

King.

1 LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing;

Angels—begin the song—
Mortals—the strain prolong
In accents sweet and strong—
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame,
What wonders done;
Shout through hell's dark profound,
Let the whole earth resound,
Till the high heav'ns rebound—
"The vict'ry's won."

3 He vanquish'd sin and hell,
And the last foe will quell;
Mourners rejoice!
His dying love adore,
Praise him now rais'd in pow'r,
And triumph evermore,
With a glad voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heav'nly way
Lo, he shall come!
While they who pierc'd him wail,
His promise shall not fail,
Saints, see your King prevail—
Come, dear Lord, come.

XI. Holy Spirit.

HYMN 135. L. M.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;

Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 136. L. M.

The effusion of the Spirit.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
"Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,

A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 137. L. M.

The influences of the Holy Spirit experienced.

1 DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart,
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

6 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

7 And when my cheerful hope can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace;"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;

And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN 138. 7s.

The Spirit's influence sought.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN 139. C. M.

The promised Comforter.

1 HE'S come! let ev'ry knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wav'ring zeal!

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way,
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

HYMN 140. C. M.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

1 WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 141. L. M.

The leadings of the Spirit.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide!
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;

Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from his pasture stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 142. S. M.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quick'ning influence.

3 Melt, melt, this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue,
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

HYMN 143. S. M.

Invocation to the Holy Spirit.

1 BLEST Comforter divine!
Whose rays of heav'nly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above.

2 Thou—who with "still small voice,"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay:

3 Thou—whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear.

4 Thou—who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter!—to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

HYMN 144. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XII. Church of Christ.

HYMN 145. L. M.

The church.

1 SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread,
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 He calls his chosen from afar,
They all at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace were made alive.

3 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their off'rings bring,
And unconstrain'd their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

4 O may his holy Church increase,
His word and Spirit still prevail,
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his glowing glories hail!

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 146. S. M.

Love to the church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,

These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,
Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake,
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my pray'rs ascend:
To her my cries and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

HYMN 147. L. M.

The church triumphant.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glory shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;

No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy pray'r,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

HYMN 148. L. M.

The church's complaint.

1 LORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of thy face;
Proud enemies our path surround,
To level Zion with the ground.

2 Her sons, her worship, they deride,
And hiss thy word with tongues of pride;
And cry, t' insult our humble pray'r,
"Where is your God, ye Christians, where?"

3 Errors and sins and follies grow,
Thy saints bow down in deepest wo;
Their love decays, their zeal is o'er,
And thousands walk with Christ no more.

4 To happier days our bosoms turn;
Those days but teach us how to mourn:
The God who bade his mercy flow,
In wrath withdraws his blessings now.

5 The blessing's from thy truth withdrawn;
Its quick'ning, saving influence gone:
Unwarn'd, unwaken'd, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.

6 In dews unseen, in scanty show'rs,
Thy Spirit sheds his healing pow'rs:
Thy thirsty ground is parch'd beneath,
And all is barrenness and death.

7 Yet still, thy name is ever blest,
On thee our hope shall safely rest·

Zion her Saviour soon shall see
Array'd to set her Israel free.

8 Jesus, with vengeance arm'd, shall come
To crush his foes, and seal their doom;
The mystic Babel whelm in dust,
Her pomp, her idols, pow'r and trust.

9 Then shall thy saints exult, and sing
The matchless glories of their King;
Nations before his altar bend,
And peace from realm to realm extend.

HYMN 149. 11s.

Comfort for the church in trouble.

1 O ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Thro' tempest and tossing, I'll bring thee to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suff'ring for thee.

5 Then trust me and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

HYMN 150. 8s & 7s.

The future peace and glory of the church.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
O my people, faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

2 Themes of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls, salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

3 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.

4 Still in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

5 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs, for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.

6 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

HYMN 151. L. M.

Prayer for the increase of the church.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom

Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
And Antichrists, on ev'ry shore,
Fall from their thrones to rise no more.

4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
In pure devotion at thy feet;
And earth shall yield thee as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

HYMN 152. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Zion's increase prayed for.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Bless'd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

3 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel,
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

4 Fly abroad thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 153. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Zion's increase prayed for.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth thy car,
Prosper in thy course, triumphant,
All success attend thy war;
Gracious victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combin'd with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure thy blessed conquests;
Take possession of thy right,
Ride triumphant,
Deck'd in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescu'd from its galling chain;
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

HYMN 154. L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

1 FATHER of faithful Abr'am, hear
Our earnest suit for Abr'am's seed;
Justly they claim the tend'rest pray'r
From us, adopted in their stead:

2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through ev'ry nation under heav'n,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiv'n.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?

Come then, thou great deliv'rer, come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
O bring thine ancient people home,
And let them know thy dying love!

HYMN 155. L. M.

Thy kingdom come.

1 ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heav'n and earth ador'd.

HYMN 156. H. M.

The glory of the church in the latter day.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round thy form shall view,
With lustre new divinely crown'd.

3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:

Pursue his praise till sov'reign love
In worlds above the glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While round his throne ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres his influence own.

HYMN 157. C. M.

Latter-day glory.

1 REJOICE, ye nations of the world,
And hail the happy day,
When Satan's kingdom downward hurl'd,
Shall perish with dismay.

2 Rejoice, ye heathens, (wood and stone
Shall form your Gods no more;)
Jehovah ye shall trust alone,
And him alone adore.

3 Christians rejoice—each party name,
Each diff'rent sect shall cease;
Your error, grief, and wrath and shame,
Shall yield to truth and peace.

4 Ye sons of peace, the triumph share,
Trumpets no more shall sound;
The murd'rous sword, the bloody spear,
Shall cultivate the ground.

5 Bright o'er the mountains, may we see
This blessed morning ray;
And glorious may its splendour be,
E'en to the perfect day.

HYMN 158. L. M.

Millennium.

1 LOOK up, ye saints, with sweet surprise,
Toward the joyful, coming day,

When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright and dazzling ray.

2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
The church shall know no clouds return,
Nor sorrows mixing with their joy.

3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together in his peaceful reign;
And Zion, blest with heav'nly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.

4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their sep'rate rights no more,
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Saviour to adore.

5 Thus, till a thousand years be past,
Shall holiness and peace prevail,
And ev'ry knee shall bow to Christ,
And ev'ry tongue shall Jesus hail.

6 Then the redeem'd shall mount on high,
Where their deliv'ring Prince is gone;
And angels at his word shall fly,
To bless them with the conqu'ror's crown.

HYMN 159. 7s.

Christ reigning.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent, shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,

Wakes above, beneath, around
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword; he speaks; 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away;
Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ is God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

XIII. Blessings of the Covenant. The Call.

HYMN 160. C. M.

The invitation of the Gospel.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 161. C. M.

The Lord's call.

1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above!
Attend, 'tis God, the Saviour, speaks,
And every word is love.

2 "Come forth," he says, "no more pursue
The path that leads to death;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
Look, and be sav'd by faith.

3 "My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through my atoning blood;
And you shall claim and find in me,
A Father, and a God."

4 Lord, speak these words to ev'ry heart,
By thine almighty voice,
That we may now from sin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

HYMN 162. L. M.

Come, for all things are ready.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word!
Haste to the supper of your Lord,

Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
To fill the broken heart with love,
T' apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host;
All heav'n is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

HYMN 163. C. M.

The call.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard,
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?

In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal wo!

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He will become your God,
And will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through the Redeemer's blood.

HYMN 164. L. M.

The care of the soul the one thing needful.

1 WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While in this various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind?
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown.

3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain,
And shall they join their pleas in vain.

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which you now pursue!
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God, thy pow'r impart,
To fix conviction on the heart,

Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

HYMN 165. L. M.

Weary souls invited to rest.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distrest,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influ'nce ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN 166. H. M.

Yet there is room.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;

He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready—sinners, come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name;
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair—there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come;
In mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN 167. C. M.

The Saviour's invitation.

1 THE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your ev'ry pain!
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

HYMN 168. L. M.

Come and buy without money and without price.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Ye nothing in exchange can give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice;
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

HYMN 169. C. M.

Whosoever will, let him come.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring!

4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;

Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

HYMN 170. C. M.

My son, give me thine heart.

1 WHAT language now salutes the ear?
It is the Saviour's voice!
Let all the world attentive hear,
And ev'ry soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,
However vile thou art:
"Here's grace and pardon, rich and free,
"My son, give me thy heart.

3 "Tho' thou hast long my grace withstood,
"And said to me depart,
"I claim the purchase of my blood,
"My son, give me thy heart.

4 "I'll form thee for myself alone,
"And ev'ry good impart;
"I'll make my great salvation known,
"My son, give me thy heart."

5 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,
Set up in me thy throne;
Bid sin and Satan, hence depart,
And claim me as thine own.

HYMN 171. S. M.

The accepted time.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And ev'ry promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

HYMN 172. L. M.

Life the only accepted time

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is giv'n;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound,
"Come sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God he's found.

3 "Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 "In that lone land of deep despair,
No sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter pray'r,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

HYMN 173. L. P. M.

The heavy laden invited to Christ.

1 PEACE, troubled soul whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour! glorious word!
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord!

HYMN 174. C. M.

Resolve.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose:
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess;
"I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone,
"Without his sov'reign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
"Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
"But if I perish, I will pray,
"And perish only there

5 "I can but perish if I go;
"I am resolved to try;
"For if I stay away I know
"I must for ever die."

Converting Grace.

HYMN 175. L. M.

Converting grace.

1 DID ever one of Adam's race
Cost thee, my Lord, more toil and grace

Than I have done, before my soul
Could yield to thy divine control?

2 How great the pow'r, how vast the sway,
That first constrain'd me to obey!
How large the grace thou didst impart,
That conquer'd sin, and won my heart.

3 A base apostate from my God,
I trampled on the Saviour's blood;
I scorn'd his mercy, mock'd his pain,
And crucify'd my Lord again.

4 But lo! the chief of sinners now
Is brought before thy throne to bow;
Surely this mighty pow'r from thee,
Can conquer all that conquers me.

5 Hail, dearest Lord, my choicest love,
By pity drawn from realms above;
I wonder at that grace of thine,
That won a heart so vile as mine!

HYMN 176. C. M.

Converting grace.

1 HAIL mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy vict'ries are complete,
And all thy chosen race

Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conqu'ring grace;

5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band!
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

HYMN 177. 8s & 7s.

Praise for conversion.

1 ON the brink of fiery ruin,
Justice, with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing,
When I first beheld my Lord.

2 "Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've lov'd thee
"With an everlasting love;
"Justice has in me approv'd thee;
"Thou shalt dwell with me above."

3 Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,
When to golden harps they sound,
Is the voice of sins forgiv'n
To the soul by Satan bound.

4 Sweet as angels' harps in glory
Was that heav'nly voice to me,
When I saw my Lord before me
Bleed and die to set me free!

5 Saints, attend with holy wonder!
Sinners, hear and sing his praise!
'Tis the God that holds the thunder,
Shows himself the God of grace!

Regeneration.

HYMN 178. C. M.

Ye must be born again.

1 SINNERS! this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men,

For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Our nature's totally deprav'd;
The heart's a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be sav'd,
"Ye must be born again."

3 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

4 Spirit of life! thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
And witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

5 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word;
And by forsaking ev'ry sin,
Prove we are born of God.

HYMN 179. C. M.

The new creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories show;
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.

2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay,
"See the new world arise!

3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;

O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace hath made,
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 180. C. M.

Regeneration.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 181. C. P. M.

Ye must be born again.

1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;

O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in mine ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now, by his grace, is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise;

All hail! the Lamb who once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 182. C. M.

Regeneration the work of the Spirit.

1 CAN aught beneath a pow'r divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

2 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

3 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray—
'Tis thine alone to give.

4 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 183. S. M.

Vital union to Christ in regeneration.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head;

Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heav'n hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

Justification.

HYMN 184. L. M.

Justification.

1 LORD, thy imputed righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in this array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While through thy blood absolv'd I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
By faith alone on thee relied,
And in the Lord were justified.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
"Jesus the Lord our righteousness."

HYMN 185. C. M.

Justification by faith, not by works.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouth,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 186. L. M.

Human righteousness insufficient to justify.

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?
How, in thy purer eyes, appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiply'd oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?

Rivers of oil, or seas of blood?—
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I, then, wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my ev'ry boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

5 Guilty I stand before thy face,
My sole desert is hell and wrath;
'Twere just the sentence should take place,
But O, I plead my Saviour's death!

6 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree;
I plead his righteousness alone;
O put the spotless robe on me.

HYMN 187. L. M.

We are not accepted on account of the worthiness of our faith.

1 BY faith in Christ we're justified,
Since 'tis by faith Christ is applied;
But not for faith, or anything
We either suffer, do, or bring.

2 Faith is the hand that Christ receives,
And takes the treasure which he gives;
But faith no merit can possess,
Christ is the Lord our righteousness.

3 Jesus, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee believing, we rejoice;
Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting faith alive.

4 Do thou the languid spark inflame,
Reveal the glories of thy name!
Let thy imputed righteousness,
Be all our trust, our joy and peace.

HYMN 188. L. M.

Our good works are no part of our righteousness before God.

1 NO more my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord hath done.

Adoption.

HYMN 189. S. M.

Adoption.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 190. C. M.

Abba, Father.

1 SOV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heav'n
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

HYMN 191. 7s.

The privileges of the sons of God.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,

They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

5 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy.

6 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are fill'd,
They are by his Spirit seal'd.

HYMN 192. L. M.

Christians the sons of God.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the christian name.

2 To them the privilege is giv'n,
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go:

Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 When, through temptation they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.

5 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

6 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father, too!

7 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

Communion with God.

HYMN 193. S. M.

Communion with God and Christ.

1 OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons ev'ry day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are;
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;

Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

HYMN 194. L. M.

Desiring communion with God.

1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heav'n—that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above;
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn;
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

HYMN 195. C. M.

Walking with God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Sanctification.

HYMN 196. L. M.

Sanctification implored.

1 GOD of all pow'r, and truth and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heav'n and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure:

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see;
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Purge me from ev'ry sinful blot,
My idols all be cast aside,
Cleanse me from ev'ry sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

4 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

HYMN 197. C. M.

Sanctification and pardon.

1 WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads?
Can rocks or mountains save?

Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly,
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wondrous purple stream,
That cleanses ev'ry stain;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath!
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flatt'ring plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

HYMN 198. C. M.

A state of nature and of grace.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'rers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath sanctified our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r,
To keep thy just commands!

We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 199. L. M.

Holiness and grace.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour, God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Perseverance.

HYMN 200. C. M.

Perseverance.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;

Jesus the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you,
So surely, you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN 201. L. M.

Perseverance.

1 TO God I cried, when troubles rose,
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

2 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

3 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

HYMN 202. S. M.

Persevering grace.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Happiness of the Christian.

HYMN 203. S. M.

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy skies,
And manages the seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

5 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

8 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

9 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 204. C. M.

The happiness of a Christian.

1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high!
While men lie grov'ling here,
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He looks to heav'n's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day,
When Christ his promise shall fulfil,
And call his soul away.

HYMN 205. L. M.

The dignity and happiness of the Christian.

1 HONOUR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expenses of his heav'nly birth.

5 The noblest creatures seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout his welcome to the skies!

HYMN 206. L. M.

Happy in the salvation of God.

1 INDULGENT God! to thee I raise
My spirit, fraught with joy and praise;
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.

2 Rivers descending, Lord! from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me;

Their varied virtues to rehearse,
Demands an everlasting verse.

3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood!

4 I taste—delight succeeds to wo;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so;
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptur'd there—

5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below;
The fulness of that boundless sea,
Whence flow'd the river down to me.

6 My soul—with such a scene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes,
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

HYMN 207. L. M.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin?
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their head,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shade,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!

And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 208. C. M.

Happiness found only in God.

1 THRICE happy man whose heart is stay'd
On the eternal God;
On him who form'd the earth, and spread
The spacious skies abroad.

2 Beneath his mighty guardian wings,
He finds a safe retreat;
While boundless love and truth conspire
To make his bliss complete.

3 Storms of adversity in vain
Assail his steady mind;
Unruffled and serene, his soul
On Jesus' breast reclin'd.

4 Bereft of all that's dear below,
He to his God may rise,
And on his friendship rest secure,
His hope's beyond the skies.

XIV. Repentance.

HYMN 209. C. M.

God hath commanded all men every where to repent.

1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;

The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatch'd abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love! that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdu'd by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 210. S. M.

Repentance from a sense of divine goodness.

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;

Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

5 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 211. C. M.

Repentance at the cross.

1 O IF my soul was form'd for wo,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucify'd my God;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart hath so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

HYMN 212. C. M.

Repentance flowing from the patience of God

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear;"
And straight the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 213. C. M.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 214. L. M.

Hardness of heart lamented.

1 LORD! shed a beam of heav'nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But ONE can yet perform the deed;
That ONE in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 O, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

HYMN 215. C. M.

The penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O, let not justice frown me hence,
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:

Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm!

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;
No blood but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

HYMN 216. L. M.

The penitent.

1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word;
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A mass of sin and unbelief.

2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room:
And vent'ring hard, behold I come,
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy children room for *me?*

3 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed:
And I'm a sinner vile indeed!
Lord, I believe thy grace is free:
O, magnify that grace in *me.*

HYMN 217. C. M.

The penitent.

1 AS once the Saviour took his seat
Attracted by his fame,
And lowly bending at his feet,
An humble suppliant came.

2 Asham'd to lift her streaming eyes
His holy glance to meet,
She pour'd her costly sacrifice
Upon the Saviour's feet.

3 Oppress'd with sin and sorrow's weight,
And sinking in despair;
With tears she wash'd his sacred feet,
And wip'd them with her hair.

4 "Depart in peace," the Saviour said,
"Thy sins are all forgiv'n!"
The trembling sinner rais'd her head,
In peaceful hope of heav'n.

HYMN 218. L. P. M.

Prayer of a penitent.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!
O hear an humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
O deign to listen to my voice,
And bid this drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
For I, alas, am all that's vile;
No—when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
That dearest, sweetest name to me!

3 Within this heart of mine, I feel
The weight of sin's oppressive load;
O help! or else I sink to hell,
Crush'd by thine arm, avenging God!
Entomb'd within that dread abyss,
And exil'd from the realms of bliss!

4 But ah! the thought alone is hell—
That prospect drives me to despair;
For who can 'mid those horrors dwell?

Or who those dreadful torments bear?
Where not a ray of hope appears,
Or beam of joy the bosom cheers!

5 Yet, mighty God! thy pow'rful arm
Can snatch me from that dread abode;
Can shield me from th' impending harm,
And ease me of my heavy load:
One pard'ning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul!

6 Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry,
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty;
O listen to a suff'rer's voice,
Then shall this bleeding heart rejoice!

HYMN 219. L. M.

Seeking pardon.

1 LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Opprest with fears, to thee I call
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, "seek ye my face?"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face, and live.

3 I'll seek thy face, with cries and tears,
With secret sighs, and fervent pray'rs
And if not heard—I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

4 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive—
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

XV. Faith.

HYMN 220. S. M.

Faith.

1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd;
It boast of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But finds it all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Appropriates his precious blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

HYMN 221. C. M.

A living faith.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our nature clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.

HYMN 222. 10s & 11s.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

1 BEGONE unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief, will surely appear;
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, [thro'.
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite

4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqu'ror's song!

HYMN 223. S. M.

Faith in Christ our sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 224. C. M.

Faith of things unseen.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense;
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home

Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abr'am to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city far and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN 225. L. M.

Faith of the ancients.

1 BLESS'D is the memory of the just!
And sweet their slumbers in the dust;
Though lost, long lost to mortal eye,
Their glorious fame shall never die.

2 In Life's fair book the Patriarchs live,
Prophets and saints instruction give;
Though dead, they speak the truth divine,
And in example brightly shine.

3 By faith what wonders have they done,
They suff'rings bore, they vict'ries won;
By faith they promises obtain'd,
And kingdoms to its empire gain'd.

4 By faith they clos'd the lion's jaw,
And harmless made his dreadful paw;
Quench'd fiercest flames, escap'd the sword,
And to new life, the dead restor'd.

5 My soul, these ancient heroes view,
Their faith, their love, their zeal pursue;
Warm'd by each word and glorious deed,
In the same blessed path proceed.

HYMN 226. C. M.

The power of faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss.
And saves me from its snares;

Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares;

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there.
Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hopes to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there, unshaken, would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

HYMN 227. L. M

The conflicts of faith.

1 JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 Do thou the languid spark inflame,
That we may conquer in thy name;

And let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mould'ring in the dust.

4 Unequal to the conflict, Lord,
Too weak to wield the shield or sword;
On thine almighty arm we fall,
Be thou our Jesus and our all.

HYMN 228. S. M.

Weak believers encouraged.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Bid ev'ry string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "for me."

5 Tarry his leisure, then,
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the bridegroom of your souls
Reveals his love with pow'r.

6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 229. 8s.

Victorious faith.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God.

His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

2 Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name,
The work of God's Spirit it is.

4 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heav'n by pray'r.

5 It says to the mountains, "depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes their sore consciences whole.

6 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

XVI. Prayer.

HYMN 230. L. M.

The Lord's prayer.

1 OUR Father, thron'd in heav'n divine,
To thy great name be praises paid;
Thy kingdom come—Thy glory shine;
And thy good will be still obey'd.

2 Give us our bread from day to day,
And all our wants do thou supply;
With gospel truth feed us we pray,
That we may never faint or die.

3 Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,
Our each offence in love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
And freed from evil let us live.

4 For thine's the kingdom and the pow'r,
And all the glory waits thy name;
Let ev'ry saint thy grace adore,
And sound in songs their loud Amen.

HYMN 231. L. M.

Prayer.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord, the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands;
The glorious advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

4 He sweetens ev'ry humble groan,
He recommends each broken pray'r;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.

HYMN 232. C. M

Behold, he prayeth.

1 PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;

The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heav'n with pray'r.

5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "behold he prays."

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of pray'r thyself has trod,
"Lord, teach us how to pray."

HYMN 233. L. M.

Exhortation to prayer.

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,

Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me?"

HYMN 234. L. M.

Pray without ceasing.

1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live, should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise, and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.

5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail!
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN 235. S. M.

The prayer of faith.

1 THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear!
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait;
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus the widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes; though he may awhile forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

HYMN 236. H. M.

The song of Hannah, an encouragement to prayer.

1 WHEN Hannah, press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'rs,
She quickly found relief,
And songs succeeded tears:
Like her in ev'ry trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad:
In trouble what a resting-place
Have they who know the throne of grace.

3 Eli her case mistook;
How was her spirit mov'd
By his unkind rebuke!
But God her cause approv'd:

We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace.

4 Men have not pow'r or skill
With troubled souls to bear,
Though they express good will,
Poor comforters they are:
But swelling sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

5 Thousands have often tried,
And with success were crown'd;
Not one has been denied,
But all an answer found:
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

HYMN 237. L. M.

Prayer answered by crosses.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he I trust has answer'd pray'r;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo;

Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free,
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 238. C. M.

The effort.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers pray'r,
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
That sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "thou hast died."

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
"My promis'd grace receive:"

'Tis Jesus speaks—I must—I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN 239. C. M.

Dear Lord, remember me.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 When with a broken, contrite heart,
I lift mine eyes to thee;
Thy name proclaim, thyself impart,
In love remember me.

3 In sore temptations, when no way
To shun the ill I see,
My strength proportion to my day,
And then remember me.

4 And when I tread the vale of death,
And bow at thy decree,
Then Saviour, with my latest breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

XVII. The Sacraments.

Baptism.

HYMN 240. L. M.

Baptism.

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
Go teach the nations and baptize:
The nations have receiv'd the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with his seals,
To bless the distant heathen lands.

3 Repent and be baptiz'd, he saith,
For the remission of your sins;

And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit of our God,
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three,
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

HYMN 241. C. M.

Infant baptism.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
Shall be a seed to me.

2 Abr'am believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his child to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our fore-fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

5 With the same blessing grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

6 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;

Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord!
And wash them in thy blood.

7 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come;
And num'rous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

8 Thy faithful saints, eternal King!
This precious truth embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

HYMN 242. C. M.

Suffer little children to come unto me.

1 THE Saviour, with inviting voice,
Says, "let your children come;
"For them there's love within my breast,
"And in my kingdom room."

2 Lord, at thy call we bring our babes,
And give them up to thee;
Let angels, and let men behold,
And all our witness be.

3 Now our dear offspring are baptiz'd
According to his word;
As Abr'am his did circumcise,
Obedient to the Lord.

4 This water sprinkled on the child,
Doth a rich emblem show,
Of pouring out the Spirit's grace,
To form the heart anew.

HYMN 243. C. M.

Forbid them not.

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays;
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 "Forbid them not," is his command;
Then why should men resist?
Our children now may be baptiz'd,
The church of such consist.

3 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
We bring them, Lord, to thee;
Receive them, Jesus, to thine arms,
Thine may they ever be.

4 Thine may they be; for ever thine;
Thy ransom'd purchas'd seed;
O let this seal of sprinkling, now,
Be own'd of thee indeed.

5 Here, parents, with thanksgiving view
Your right in what you've done;
Let songs of praises sound aloud,
To the great Three in One.

HYMN 244. C. M.

Improvement of baptism.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your God,
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive pow'r
To raise and fix us high.

Lord's Supper.

HYMN 245. L. M.

The Lord's supper.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of greatest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.

6 "Do this (he cried) till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name;
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 246. L. M.

Communion with Christ at his table.

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
Dear name, by heav'n and earth ador'd
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart,
Life, hope, and joy to ev'ry heart.

HYMN 247. L. M.

Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise?
What anxious fears and jealousies?
What crowds in doubtful light appear?
How few, alas, approv'd and clear!

2 And what am I?—my soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd, and living there:

Say, do his lineaments divine,
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still,
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience clear.

5 May I, consistent with thy word,
Approach thy table, O my Lord?
May I among thy saints appear?
Shall I a welcome guest be there?

6 Have I the wedding-garment on,
Or do I naked stand alone?
O! quicken, clothe, and feed my soul,
Forgive my sins and make me whole.

HYMN 248. L. M.

Preparation.

1 ETERNAL King, enthron'd above,
Look down in faithfulness and love;
Prepare our hearts to seek thy face,
And grant us thy reviving grace.

2 Long have we heard the joyful call,
But yet our faith and love are small;
Our hearts are torn with worldly cares,
And all our paths are fill'd with snares.

3 Unworthy to approach thy throne,
Our trust is fix'd on Christ alone;
In him thy cov'nant stands secure,
And will from age to age endure.

4 O let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid our mourning hearts rejoice;
Revive our souls, our faith renew,
Prepare for duties now in view.

5 Make all our spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God;

Let hope, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

HYMN 249. L. M.

Preparation.

1 THE broken bread, the blessed cup,
On which we now are call'd to sup,
Without thy help and grace divine,
Will prove no more than bread and wine.

2 But come, great Master of the feast,
Dispense thy grace to ev'ry guest;
Direct our views to Calvary,
And help us to remember thee.

3 Let us with light and truth be blest,
That on thy bosom we may rest;
And at thy supper each may learn
Thy broken body to discern.

4 O that our souls may now be fed
With Christ himself, the living bread;
That we the cov'nant may renew,
And to our vows be render'd true!

HYMN 250. C. M.

Invitation.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come! and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 251. C. M.

Invitation.

1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heav'n.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN 252. S. M.

Bread and wine.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God.

3 The sacred elements
Remain mere wine and bread;
But signify and seal the love
Of Christ our cov'nant head.

4 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

5 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

6 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

7 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN 253. C. M.

The love of Christ.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth his dreadful sword;
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.

3 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 254. C. M.

His flesh is meat indeed.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
O what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torments he endur'd
Upon th' accursed tree,

For me, each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all procur'd for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine;
Well may'st thou claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine!

HYMN 255. L. M.

The gospel feast.

1 HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the gospel call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God?

6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;

And pitied rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

HYMN 256. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ crucified.

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead hath left the tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 257. C. M.

Christ the bread of life.

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou the immortal bread.

2 Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

3 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

4 The God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.

HYMN 258. C. M.

Faith, hope and love.

1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,
The suff'rings of thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *faith.*

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *hope.*

3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with *love.*

4 Here in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine,
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that's good;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

HYMN 259. 7s.

We celebrate his dying love.

1 JESUS, once for sinners slain,
From the dead was rais'd again;
And in heav'n is now set down
With his Father on his throne.

2 There he reigns a King supreme;
We shall also reign with him:

Feeble souls, be not dismay'd,
Trust in his almighty aid.

3 He has made an end of sin,
And his blood has wash'd us clean;
Fear not; he is ever near;
Now, e'en now, he's with us here.

4 Thus assembling, we by faith,
Till he come, show forth his death;
Of his body, bread's the sign,
And we view his blood in wine.

5 Saints on earth, with saints above,
Celebrate his dying love;
And let ev'ry ransom'd soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN 260. C. M.

Thanksgiving.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I that am all-defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood!

3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too.

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding heart,
Lord, I accept thy love;

'Tis a rich banquet I have had,
What will it be above!

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your praising pow'rs;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

HYMN 261. C. M.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

XVIII. Moral Law.

HYMN 262. L. M.

The law.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God
"With utmost vigour and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
"Share thine affections and esteem;
"And let thy kindness to thyself,
"Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
The law demands a perfect love.

4 But O how base our passions are!
This holy law we can't fulfil;
Regenerate our souls, O Lord!
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 263. S. M.

The law is spiritual.

1 THE law of God is just,
A strict and holy way;
And he that would escape the curse,
Must all the law obey.

2 Not one vain thought must rise,
Not one unclean desire;
He must be holy, just, and wise,
Who keeps the law entire.

3 If in one point he fail,
In thought, or word, or deed,
The curses of the law prevail,
And rest upon his head.

4 I tremble and confess,
O God! I am accurs'd;
Guilty I fall before thy face,
And own thy sentence just.

5 But does the curse still rest
Upon my guilty head?
No—Jesus—let his name be blest;
Hath borne it in my stead.

6 He hath fulfill'd the law,
Obtain'd my peace with God;
Here doth my soul her comforts draw,
And leave her heavy load.

HYMN 264. L. M.

The sinner found wanting.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye
Behold the balance lifted high;
There shall God's justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale, his perfect law!
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain

3 Behold! the hand of God appears
To trace those dreadful characters;
"Tekel! thy soul is wanting found,
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground!"

4 Let sudden fears thy nerves unbrace;
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ in the scripture turns the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Jesus, exert thy pow'r to save,
Deep on this heart thy truth engrave;
Great God, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

HYMN 265. L. M.

Practical use of the moral law.

1 O LORD, my soul convicted stands,
Of breaking all thy ten commands;
And on me justly might'st thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal show'r.

2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms,
And now, O Lord, my wants I see,
Lost and undone I come to thee.

3 I know my partial righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress;
Yet in the gospel plan I see,
There's hopes of pardon e'en for me.

4 There I behold with wonder, Lord!
That Christ hath to thy law restor'd
Those honours on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.

5 Amazing wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

Love to God the substance of the First Table.

HYMN 266. L. M.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c.

1 YES, I would love thee, blessed God!
Paternal goodness marks thy name!

Thy praises, through thy high abode,
The heav'nly hosts with joy proclaim.

2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed and die;
And bidst me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

3 In him thy reconciled face,
With joy unspeakable I see;
And feel thy pow'rful wondrous grace
Draw and unite my soul to thee.

4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,
Attracted by a creature's pow'r,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there to stray no more!

HYMN 267. C. M.

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,

The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 268. C. M.

Love to Christ desired.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting breast supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 O may my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love!
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

HYMN 269. C. M.

Love to Christ.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

HYMN 270. 7s.

Lovest thou me?

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care,
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

Love to Man the substance of the Second Table.

HYMN 271. L. M.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour.

1 THE holy law, to Israel giv'n,
Bespeaks its origin from heav'n;
Design'd all nations to embrace,
And form'd to bless the human race.

2 Its principles on all impress'd,
With kind affections fill the breast;
And whether rule or conscience sways,
That man is happy who obeys.

3 Behold the Saviour, there unite
Perfect obedience and delight;
And while he taught "the law is good,"
Maintain'd its honours with his blood.

4 He liv'd, he taught, he died to prove
The sacred principle of love;
And now reigns glorious, to bestow
This sacred gift on men below.

5 O may our Christian conduct shine
With some fair semblance, Lord, to thine!
And for thy love, let ours abound,
And spread the whole creation round.

HYMN 272. C. M.

Love to our neighbour.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace
All-pow'rful from above,
To form in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in other's joy
And weep for others' wo!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And 'midst the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for ev'ry wound.

HYMN 273. C. M.

Love to our enemies from the example of Christ.

1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his murd'rers bare;
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive!" his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing!
And whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred—and their curse
With blessings—will repay.

HYMN 274. C. M.

Love and charity.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,

All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue,
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endure the wrong.

4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN 275. C. M.

Brotherly love.

1 HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;

May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 276. S. M.

Christian love.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;

And perfect love, and friendship, reign,
Through all eternity.

XIX. Watchfulness.

HYMN 277. S. M.

Waiting for the coming of the Lord.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that fav'rite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

HYMN 278. C. M.

Watchfulness and prayer.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!

My weak resistance, ah! how vain;
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 279. S. M.

Watchfulness.

1 GIVE me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.

2 Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy,
Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,

And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign.

XX. Christian Warfare.

HYMN 280. L. M.

The Christian warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies,
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 281. C. M.

Holy fortitude.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 282. C. M.

The Christian warrior.

1 HARK! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice,
From his triumphant seat;
Midst all the war's tumult'ous noise,
How pow'rful and how sweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow;
Who first in such a warfare dies,
Shall speediest vict'ry know.

3 "I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid;

But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share;
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the sparkling honours wear,
While God himself shall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

HYMN 283. L. M.

Warfare.

1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise;
In long array, a num'rous host,
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all that train,
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

4 Clad in the armour from above,
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love;
Come now, my soul, the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell.

HYMN 284. S. M.

Watch and pray.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

XXI. Time.

HYMN 285. L. M.

Importance of time.

1 O TIME, how few thy value weigh,
How few will estimate a day!
Days, months, and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected—and undone.

2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time;
Then let us ev'ry day give heed,
To God ourselves, and time to yield.

HYMN 286. C. M.

Time is short.

1 THE time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove;
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short! sinners beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is call'd to-day.

3 The time is short! ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice,
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall ye hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

5 The time is short! it swiftly flies,
The hour is just at hand;
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wish'd-for land.

6 The time is short! the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

HYMN 287. L. M.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time his being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows;

Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Before the rapid streams are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its pow'r.

XXII. Death.

HYMN 288. C. M.

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves the small number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath at first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on ev'ry breath!
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 289. C. M.

Man is of few days, and full of trouble.

1 FEW are thy days, and full of wo,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
"To dust thou shalt return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

4 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

HYMN 290. C. M.

Funeral hymn—a voice from the tombs.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry:

"Ye living men come view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
"Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 291. C. M.

Funeral consolations.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n declares
To those in Christ who die!
"Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
They reign with him on high."

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and pow'r,
But Christ, our ransom, died!

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay;
And rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
To everlasting day.

5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ our life, we'll sing:

"Where is thy victory, O grave:
"And where, O death, thy sting!"

HYMN 292. L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 293. C. M.

Death of a believer.

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;
We scarce can say "they're gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in the flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.

HYMN 294. 8s & 7s.

Death of a saint.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel bands attended,
To thy blessed Jesus, go,

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast;
To his glorious sweet salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joys he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 295. C. M.

A saint prepared to die.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God hath laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;

The righteous Judge at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise, Amen.

HYMN 296. C. M.

Dying in the embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid,
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 297. C. M.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sin releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 298. L. M.

Saints rest in their graves.

1 THE grave is now a favour'd spot,
To saints who sleep, in Jesus bless'd;
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest as in a peaceful bed;
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls who're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labour, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

HYMN 299. C. M.

Death dreadful, or delightful.

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God;
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downwards from the skies
To darkness, fire and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

HYMN 300. C. M.

Funeral hymn—death.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few,

Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, O the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And trace its wondrous way.

4 Up to the court where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
My flesh shall wait for thy command,
And drop into my dust.

HYMN 301. C. M.

Death of a young child.

1 ALAS! how chang'd that lovely flow'r
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart!
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're call'd to part.

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above?

3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will;
And with my inmost spirit say
"The Lord is righteous still."

4 From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,
Her favour'd soul he bore;

And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more *she*'ll visit me;
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And there my child I'll see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

HYMN 302. L. M.

Submission under bereaving Providences.

1 PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our cov'nant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand,
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

HYMN 303. C. M.

Death of a young person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,

Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful pow'r—"I too must die!"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more!
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to "watch and pray."

5 O let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God! thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

HYMN 304. L. M.

Support in God under the loss of dear friends.

1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;

Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend;
And on thy cov'nant-love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 305. L. M.

Saints sleep in Jesus.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in their native dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful slumb'rer here,
For angels watch his sweet repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 O glorious day! illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word,
Restore thy trust—a glorious form,
Cloth'd in the raiment of his God.

XXIII. Resurrection.

HYMN 306. C. M.

Resurrection.

1 THE winter past, reviving flow'rs
Anew shall paint the plain;

The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

2 Shall man depart this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return?
No second spring of life revive
The ashes of the urn?

3 "Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the insect's wing?
And O!—shall man awake no more,
The Saviour's name to sing?

4 "Cease—all ye vain desponding fears;
When Christ from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praises rang.

5 "The trump shall sound—the gates of death
Shall make his children way;
From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring,
And shine in endless day."

HYMN 307. S. M.

Triumph over death in hope of the resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,

And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 308. L. M.

A happy resurrection.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust;
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.

4 Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips,
Where God hath shed his richest grace.

5 Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumphs of the day.

HYMN 309. C. M.

A prospect of the resurrection.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Faith sees the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

3 Faith hears the voice, "Ye dead arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white;
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing.

XXVIII. Judgment.

HYMN 310. 8s, 7s, & 4.

Day of Judgment.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:
"Gracious Saviour,
"Own me in that day for thine!"
At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?
Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
"Thou with Satan
"And his angels, hast thy part!"
But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
"See the kingdom I bestow:
"You for ever
"Shall my love and glory know."
Under sorrow and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
May we triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

HYMN 311. L. M.

Sinners and saints in the wreck of nature.

HOW great, how terrible that God
Who shakes creation with his nod!

He frowns—and earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break.

2 See now, the glorious, dreadful day,
That takes th' enormous load away!
See ocean, earth, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.

3 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the gen'ral wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!

4 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever—O, for ever, lost!

5 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, tho' worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

6 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN 312. L. M.

The second appearance of Christ.

1 MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heav'ns wide arch, from pole to pole;
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;—
Tremble, and fall, ye starry host.

3 This wreck of nature all around—
The angels' shout, the trumpet's sound,

Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To *endless* bliss, or *endless* wo!

Lord, to my eyes this scene display
Frequent through each returning day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

HYMN 313. L. M.

The books opened.

METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by Heav'ns unerring pen.

To ev'ry soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN 314. 7s

Depart—I know you not.

1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter e'er it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer pray'r.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim,
"Lord, we have profess'd thy name;
"We have ate with thee, and heard
"Heav'nly teaching in thy word."

4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say, "I know you not."

HYMN 315. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Judgment.

1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those, who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;

All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, and quickly come!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy weeping exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O, come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

XXV. Eternity.

HYMN 316. L. M.

Eternity.

ETERNITY! stupendous theme!
Compar'd herewith our life's a dream:
Eternity! O awful sound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd!
Eternity! the dread abode
And habitation of our God;
His glory fills the vast expanse,
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.

3 But an eternity there is
Of dreadful wo, or joyful bliss:
And, swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

4 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind
They're gone; but where? ah! pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity.

5 Sinner, canst thou for ever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell;
And is death nothing, then, to thee;
Death, and a dread eternity?

6 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up;
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope:
This everlasting bliss secures;
God and eternity are yours.

Heaven

HYMN 317. L. M.

Who are they?

1 EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wond'ring soul says, "Who are they?"

2 These are the saints belov'd of God;
Wash'd are their robes in Jesus' blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3 Brighter than angels, lo! they shine;
Their glories great, and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what—and whence came they?

4 Thro' tribulation great, they came;
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame

Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

5 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
To wells of living water led!
By God the Lamb, for ever fed!

6 Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The sacred glories of their King;—
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?

7 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of his name;
To him ascribing pow'r and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

8 Amen, they cry, to him alone,
Who dares to fill his Father's throne;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise and say, Amen.

HYMN 318. C. M.

Heaven.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 O, could we with our mortal eyes
But half its joys explore;
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains!
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 There rich varieties of joy
Continual feast the mind;

Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd.

5 No factious strife, no envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere,
Fill ev'ry happy breast.

6 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

7 The glorious monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace;
His happy subjects sing his praise,
And bow before his face.

8 O, may we rise, by grace divine,
To those bright courts on high;
Then shall our happy spirits join
The chorus of the sky.

HYMN 319. C. M.

Hope of Heaven.

1 WHAT have I in this barren land?
My Jesus is not here;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest, until
My Jesus doth appear.

2 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n,
To fix a place for me;
For 'tis his will, that where he is,
His followers shall be.

3 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top;
Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends them to me here,
Will send for me at last.

4 I have a God that changeth not;
Why should I be perplex'd?

My God, who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

5 My dearest friends, they dwell above,
Them will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

HYMN 320. L. M.

The worship of heaven.

1 O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph, spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the fav'rites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

HYMN 321. C. M.

The heavenly Canaan.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore

HYMN 322. 7s.

Heaven.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Tort'ring pain and heavy wo.

3 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,

Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of wo they could not speak.

But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again!

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark—their songs melodious rise
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!

All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose—
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows!

Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest.

Hell.

HYMN 323. L. M.

Hell; or, the vengeance of God.

WITH holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.

Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice hath built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 There Satan, the first sinner, lies
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.

4 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

5 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call,
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall

HYMN 324. C. M.

Hell.

1 FAR from the utmost verge of day
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play—
The worm shall never die.

2 The breath of God—his angry breath
Supplies and fans the fire;
There sinners taste the second death,
And would—but can't expire.

3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart;
And wo, and wrath, in ev'ry form,
Is now the sinner's part.

4 Sad world indeed! ah, who can bear
For ever there to dwell—
For ever sinking in despair
In all the pains of hell!

XXVI. Times and Seasons.

Missions.

HYMN 325. L. M.

For missionary associations.

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exil'd captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

3 Come, let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labour share a part;
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

4 Invite the world to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love;
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assur'd they shall acceptance meet.

HYMN 326. C. P. M.

For missions to the new settlements in the United States.

1 WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wand'ring fathers came;
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.

2 Then through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost,
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by pray'r,
And blossom'd as the rose.

3 And O! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour! we own this debt of love;
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

HYMN 327. 7, 6.

For missionary associations.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Ordination.

HYMN 328. L. M.

The commission.

1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,
He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid, [pheme.
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-

4 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 329. L. M.

At the ordination of a minister.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep;
By thee, inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Resembling thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread!

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd, and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

Confirmation.

HYMN 330. C. M.

Confirmation.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,

That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways,
And while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
Turn thou our pray'rs to praise.

HYMN 331. L. M.

Confirmation.

1 O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond! that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast?

5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 332. L. M.

On the first approach at the Lord's table.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine;
With full consent, thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,
I yield to thee, beyond recall;
Accept thine own so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield!

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

4 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

5 Be thou the witness of my vow,
Angels and men, attest it too,
That to thy board I now repair,
And seal my sacred contract there.

6 Here, at that cross, where flows the blood,
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

7 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Laying the Corner-Stone of a Church.

HYMN 333. L. M.

On laying the foundation-stone.

1 WITH humble faith and fervent zeal,
We would address thy throne, O God;
O may our breathings reach thine hill,
The city of thy blest abode.

2 Oft hast thou, Lord, been pleas'd to bow
Thine ear, and listen to our cry;

Encourag'd thus, we now presume,
O let us feel thy presence nigh.

3 We come not, Lord, to plead for wealth,
Nor ask this world's vain empty fame;
But this we ask, (deny it not,)
"To build a house to thy great name."

4 We trust thy pow'r, and not our own,
The superstructure here to raise;
May love divine, our efforts crown,
And thy blest name have all the praise.

5 And while we're privileg'd to rear
A place in which t' approach thy throne,
O may we know our souls are built
On Christ the true foundation-stone.

Dedication of a Church.

HYMN 334. H. M.

Opening a place of worship.

1 IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine;
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favour, crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!

5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above:
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise;
And shine like polish'd stones
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,
While temples stand, and men adore.

HYMN 335. C. M.

On opening a place of worship.

1 GREAT Sov'reign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below;
Before thy glorious majesty,
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

2 Yet thou art not confin'd above,
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.

3 Behold, a temple rais'd for thee—
O meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.

4 Within those walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;

Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 Here, may salvation be proclaim'd,
By thy most precious blood;
And sinners know the joyful sound,
And own the Saviour, God.

6 Here, may a num'rous crowd arise,
To bow before thy throne;
Here may their songs salute the skies,
To ages yet unborn.

Charity.

HYMN 336. L. M.

Charity.

1 THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
And ev'ry blessing earth affords;
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.

3 When I to him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive!

4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe himself in humble clay?
Shall he become despis'd and poor,
To make me rich for evermore?

5 And shall I wickedly withhold,
To give my silver or my gold?
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

6 Expand my heart, incline me, Lord,
To give the whole I can afford;
That what thy bounty render'd mine,
I may with cheerful hands resign

HYMN 337. L. M.

Charity.

1 O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heav'n!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiv'n.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's wo,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smoothe
To useful happy life, his way.

5 Let age with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move;
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

HYMN 338. L. M.

Charity.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to da

But miracles of pow'r and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

But he who marks from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

HYMN 339. C. M.

Charity.

BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never rais'd in vain:

Whose breast responds with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's wo to feel;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 340. C. M.

Charity.

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,

And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heav'nly manna fall.

2 Mercy descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes!

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way,
To guide untutor'd youth;
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God, thy influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all thy glory shine.

HYMN 341. C. P. M.

Charity.

1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Let music, sweet as incense, rise,
With grateful odours to the skies,
The work of joy and love.

2 How many children, Lord, we see
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught!
Shall they continue still to lie
In ignorance and misery,
We cannot bear the thought.

3 We feel a sympathizing heart,
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart,
To thee thine own we give;
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see;
O let these children live to thee!
O let these children live!

Lord's Day.

HYMN 342. L. M.

The Lord's day.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

HYMN 343. 7s.

The Lord's day.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;

From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we're come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

HYMN 344. L. M.

The Lord's day.

1 RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd;
Another six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun.

2 Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides a blest foretaste of heav'n,
On this day more than all the sev'n.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it, knows.

4 This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest;
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,
Creation's scene, redemption's plan!

With praise, we think on mercies past,
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day
In holy comforts pass away;
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 345. C. M.

The Lord's day.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest:
O bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy an heav'nly rest.

2 Welcome and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 O if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 I long for that delightful hour,
When from this clay undrest,
I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,
And made for ever blest.

HYMN 346. S. M.

Lord's day morning.

1 WELCOME sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where my great God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sing, and bear herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 347. C. M.

Lord's day evening.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 There we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine;

Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

HYMN 348. L. M.

The eternal sabbath.

1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

BEFORE SERMON.

HYMN 349. L. M.

Before sermon.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;

And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

HYMN 350. C. M.

A blessing requested.

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy pow'r to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let each guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 To them a sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Quicken, and wash the troubled heart
In thine atoning blood.

4 Our desp'rate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiv'n;
By daily growth in grace, prepare,
Then take us up to heav'n.

AFTER SERMON.

HYMN 351. L. M.

After sermon.

1 ALMIGHTY Father! bless thy word,
Which, thro' thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit!

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face;

Grant, Lord! that we who worship here,
May all, at length, in heav'n appear.

HYMN 352. 8s, 7s & 4s.

At dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n,
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay;
May we ready
Rise, and reign in endless day!

Seasons of the Year.

HYMN 353. L. M.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.

1 THY providence, great God, we praise,
How good and great are all thy ways!
Thy bounty crowns our passing years,
And dissipates our anxious fears.

2 Thy promise stands for ever fast,
While sun and moon, and earth shall last;
The laws of season shall endure,
Till time, and stars are known no more.

3 Summer, and winter, cold, and heat,
And night, and day, in order meet;
Seed-time, and harvest, each succeed,
To prove thy love—supply our need.

4 When years are past, and seasons o'er,
We still shall prove thy cov'nant sure;
And in the shining realms of bliss,
Adore thy goodness and thy grace.

HYMN 354. L. M.

The seasons.

1 THE flow'ry spring, at God's command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all her coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by his care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

4 And O, may each harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown the praise prolong;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 355. C. M.

Spring.

1 BEHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flow'rs
Beauteous around us spring;

The birds, with joint harmonious pow'rs
  Invite our hearts to sing.

But ah! in vain I strive to join,
  Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
  Though all is spring without.

O! would my Saviour, from on high,
  Break through these clouds and shine,
No creature then more bless'd than I,
  No song more loud than mine.

Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
  And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
  And blossom like the rose!

HYMN 356. C. M.

Summer—a harvest song.

TO praise th' ever-bounteous Lord,
  My soul, wake all thy pow'rs;
He calls, and at his voice come forth
  The smiling harvest hours.

His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,
  My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
  His harvest crowns the spring.

Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
  The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
  And sow again in hope.

Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
  The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
  The rip'ning harvest bless.

Then in the last great harvest, I
  Shall reap a glorious crop;

The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

HYMN 357. L. M.

Summer, or the great harvest.

1 THE summer harvest spreads the field,
Mark, how the whit'ning hills are turn'd
Behold them to the reapers yield,
The wheat is sav'd—the tares are burn'd.

2 Thus the great Judge with glory crown'd,
Descends to reap the ripen'd earth!
Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
"Go search around the flaming world;
Haste—call my saints to rise and take
The seats from which their foes were hurl'd

4 "Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,
In flames unquench'd, consume each tare;
Sinners must feel my holy ire,
And sink in guilt—to deep despair."

5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth;
Angels obey the awful voice;
They save the wheat, they burn the chaff,
All heav'n approves the sov'reign choice.

HYMN 358. C. M.

Winter.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.

6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

New Year.

HYMN 359. L. M.

New Year.

GOD of our lives, thy constant care
With blessings crown each op'ning year,
Our guilty lives thou dost prolong,
And wake anew our annual song.

How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead;
Since from this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!

Our breath is thine, Eternal God,
'Tis thine to fix our souls' abode;
We hold our lives from thee alone
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine;

So shall they smile secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

HYMN 360. L. M.

New Year.

1 BLEST be th' Eternal Infinite!
Whose skill conducts this rolling sphere,
Who rules our day, who guards our night,
And guides the swift revolving year!

2 Our race are falling ev'ry hour,
While we distinguish'd yet appear;
'Tis of thy matchless love and pow'r,
That we are spar'd another year.

3 O! for a sweet refreshing time,
Saviour! thy people wish thee near;
Come, and our joys shall be sublime,
While we begin another year.

4 May thy good Spirit be our guide,
While thus we stay as pilgrims here;
Nor let us from our God backslide,
As we have done the former year.

5 Strengthen our faith, increase our love,
Fill us with godly, filial fear;
And to thy waiting children prove
Thy grace through ev'ry fleeting year.

6 This truth impress on ev'ry soul,
That vast eternity is near;
That time's swift moments onward roll,
To bring the last, the closing year.

7 When nature in a blaze shall die,
Or death conclude our being here,
Then to our Jesus may we fly,
To spend a never-ending year.

HYMN 361. L. M.

New Year.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported, still we stand;

The op'ning year thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds, our souls shall boast.

Morning and Evening.

HYMN 362. C. M.

For morning and evening.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;

For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 363. C. M.

A morning song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;

Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 364. C. M.

Morning hymn.

GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise;
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
To see the morning light.

While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

O let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN 365. S. M.

Morning hymn.

SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way:
nd wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly Parent sing,
And to its great Original,
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
So worthless as I am?

5 O! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy presence I would spend
A long eternity.

HYMN 366. C. M.

A morning hymn.

1 TO thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his glad'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this, and ev'ry future day,
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 367. C. M.

An evening song.

1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 368. L. M.

An evening hymn.

1 GREAT God, to thee my ev'ning song,
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.

3 And yet, this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 369. C. M.

An evening hymn.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;

Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 370. S. M.

An evening hymn.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undrest.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 371. L. M.

Evening.

1 I LOVE this hour of calm repose,
The softness of the daylight close,

When evening spreads her mantle grey
In silence o'er departing day!

2 I love to mark the silver moon,
Rise radiant to her nightly noon;
Studded with many a starry gem,
The ev'ning peerless diadem!

3 I love to view the spangled skies,
Shout to the Lord while space replies;
And all creation seems to raise
An anthem to the Maker's praise!

4 This is the hour of sober sense,
When thought should all her good dispense,
And lift the ever grateful soul
To Him who reigns beyond the pole.

5 Lord, let my thoughts revert to thee,
To Jesus and to Calvary;
And the rich price he deign'd to pay,
To turn my darkness into day.

6 When now my pillow's down I press,
Do thou my silent slumbers bless,
And guard me till the morning rays
Recall me to renew thy praise.

HYMN 372. 7s.

Evening.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;

Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Fast and Thanksgiving Days.

HYMN 373. L. M.

On a fast-day for the revival of religion.

1 LOOK down, O God, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mould'ring corpses live?
And can these dead, dry bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known!
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 O let thy Spirit come and breathe
New life through all the realms of death!
Dry bones shall then obey thy voice,
Shall move, shall waken, and rejoice.

5 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
Let all the isles their Saviour know;
O call the nations from afar,
Make earth's remotest ends draw near.

6 Then shall each age and rank agree
To raise their shouts of praise to thee;
The church will know, while loud she sings,
That in her God are all her springs.

HYMN 374. L. M.

On a national fast in war.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of the sword;
O! whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 The suff'ring sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On thee, our guardian God, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliv'rance there?
And must we perish in despair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O! spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God,
We plead thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless wo;
Let them prevail to save us now.

HYMN 375. L. M.

For a public fast in war, praying for peace.

1 WAR, horrid war, deep-stain'd in blood,
Still pours its havoc thro' our land;
Almighty God restrain the flood,
Say, "'tis enough," and stay thy hand.

2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessing round us shed;

Our liberties be well secur'd,
And commerce lift its fainting head.

3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glitt'ring spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.

5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land,
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

HYMN 376. C. M.

On a public fast during national judgments.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares the guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;

Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 377. C. M.

On a fast-day during pestilence or general sickness.

1 DEATH, with his dread commission seal'd,
Now hastens to his arms;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

2 Attendant plagues around him throng
And wait his high command;
And pains, and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

3 With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly pow'r;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.

4 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
We'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

5 Yet may we plead with humble cries,
Remove the sharp rebukes;
Our strength consumes, our spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

6 In anger, Lord, rebuke us not,
Withdraw these dreadful storms;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot,
Against poor feeble worms.

7 O hear when dust and ashes speak,
And pity all our pain;
O save us, for thy mercy's sake!
O send us health again!

HYMN 378. C. M.

Thanksgiving for victory.

1 TO thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, pow'r and love,
We our successes owe.

2 The thund'ring horse, the martial band
Without thine aid were vain;
And vict'ry flies at thy command,
To crown the bright campaign.

3 Thy mighty arm unseen, was nigh
When we our foes assail'd;
'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty tow'rs
Into our hands are giv'n;
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But through the grace of heav'n.

5 The Lord of hosts, our helper, lives,
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
He grants his people rest.

HYMN 379. L. M.

Thanksgiving for national peace.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign;
And war resound its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain;

3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r;

Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore!

HYMN 380. C. M.

Thanksgiving for health after pestilence.

1 SOV'REIGN of life, we own thy hand
In this late chast'ning stroke;
And since we've smarted by thy rod,
Thy presence we invoke.

2 To thee in our distress we cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
The pestilence thou hast remov'd,
And brought deliv'rance near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That with the pious throng
We may record our solemn vows,
And tune our grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, who staid the sword
And said "It is enough;"
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 Our God, in thine appointed hour
Those heav'nly gates display,

Where pain and sickness, fear and death,
For ever flee away.

6 There while the nations of the bless'd,
With rapture bow around,
Our anthems to deliv'ring grace,
In sweeter strains shall sound.

Temptations and Afflictions.

HYMN 381. L. M.

Temptation.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wint'ry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm,
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
Attend the foll'wers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a-wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

HYMN 382. 7s.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the refuge.

1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high!

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!

6 Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

7 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

8 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 383. L. M.

Temptations.

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;

My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wild wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.

3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees ev'ry day new straights attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

HYMN 384. L. M.

The Christian's temptation moderated, a proof of God's fidelity.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er ev'ry saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by thy word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day;
And when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood;
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
And still, in him, let Israel trust.

HYMN 385. C. M.

Pleading with God under affliction.

1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain
Is but the fruit of sin?

2 Lord, to thy dealings I'll submit,
Nor would I dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;
Deep calls to deep; O hear my cries,
While stormy billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;
Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet through the stormy clouds I look
Once more to thee, my God;
O fix my feet on Christ, the rock,
Who bought me with his blood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

HYMN 386. L. M.

Afflictions sanctified by the word.

1 LONG unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path, secure, I stray'd;
Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,
And straight I turn'd unto my God.

2 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But sav'd me from eternal wo.

3 O hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
Thy precepts I had still despis'd;
And still the snare, in secret laid,
Had my unway feet betray'd.

4 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

HYMN 387. L. P. M.

Confidence in our Mediator.

1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;

Then he, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorr'wing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou did'st weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

5 And, O! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 388. C. M.

The hope of heaven our support under trials.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Sickness and Recovery.

HYMN 389. C. M.

Complaint and hope in sickness.

1 LORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of Providence,
While they who love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease;
While ev'ry groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he sees.

5 Is not some smiling hour at hand
With health upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joy it brings.

HYMN 390. C. M.

Hezekiah's song; or, sickness and recovery.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he who holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;

"Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years."

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN 391. C. M.

Praise for recovery from sickness.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain;
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bow'd my sinking head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign;
In firm dependence on that truth,
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;

Nor will I urge a speedier flight,
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou determin'st mine abode,
There would I choose to be:
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heav'n with thee.

XXVII. Miscellaneous.

HYMN 392. C. M.

Sincerity and truth.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May all its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.

2 Let deep repentance, faith and love
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all our conversation prove
Our souls to be sincere.

3 Let with our lips our hearts agree,
Nor sland'ring words devise:
We know the God of truth can see
Through ev'ry false disguise.

4 Lord, never let our envy grow,
To hear another's praise;
Nor rob him of his honour due,
By base revengeful ways.

5 O God of truth, help to detest
Whate'er is false or wrong;
That lies in earnest or in jest
May ne'er employ our tongue.

HYMN 393. L. M.

Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who from the cradle to the shroud,

Lives but the insect of a day,
O, why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

4 God of my life, Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

HYMN 394. C. M.

Fear of God.

1 HAPPY beyond description he,
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim,
Their source is from above.

3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his Father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

4 Let fear and love, most holy God!
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

HYMN 395. S. M.

The gospel ministry.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;

Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are:
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 396. S. M.

The sinner cured.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year a sinful soul
Had waited for a cure.

2 The voice of one unknown,
Advancing where he lay,
Bespoke him in a gentle tone,
And thus it seem'd to say:

3 "Poor, sinful, dying soul,
Why linger here and die?

Only consent to be made whole,
You need no longer lie.

4 "The Saviour passing by,
Well knows your sinking state,
And while the Saviour is so nigh,
The sinner need not wait."

5 That voice dispell'd the charm,
His fatal slumbers broke;
He saw his sins with fresh alarm,
And fear'd the vengeful stroke.

6 Unable to endure,
He call'd for aid divine—
The great Physician wrought the cure;
That guilty soul was mine.

HYMN 397. L. M.

Submission and deliverance; or, Abraham's offering his son.

1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abr'am with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abr'am forbear," the angel cried,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r!
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 398. 7s.

Jacob wrestling with God.

1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name,
Yet the question gives the plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou did once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
Mercy heard, and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Can'st thou let me sink at last?

7 No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 399. C. M.

Peter's fall and recovery.

1 HOW feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's pow'r!

E'en Peter's flaming zeal and love
Are vanquish'd in an hour.

2 His fairest purpose will not stand;
Behold his guilty shame!
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I shall do the same.

3 At length the suff'ring Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes;
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.

4 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble pray'r;
If I am found in Peter's case,
I would not still despair.

5 One look, dear Lord, the rock will melt,
One look will make me whole,
One look will pardon all my guilt,
One look will save my soul.

HYMN 400. C. M.

The converted thief.

1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph shalt thou rise,

Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies:
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

HYMN 401. C. M.

The Prodigal.

1 THANKLESS, the Prodigal receives
The bounty of his sire,
Rejoicing only in the hope
To have his own desire.

2 And far from home, in climes of vice,
He joins the heedless throng;
Begins in pleasure to rejoice,
And chants the mirthful song.

3 But lo, the famine coming on,
Now dies the song profane;
The youth beholds his substance gone,
And begs the husk in vain.

4 The terrors of the world to come
Have struck his pleasures dead—
And far from God—and far from home,
His ev'ry friend has fled.

5 The Prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

6 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land.

While servants of my father share
The bounty of his hand.

7 With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my father's face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

8 Far off he saw him slowly move,
In pensive silence mourn;
The father ran with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

9 Thro' all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tun'd their harps anew;
The Prodigal is found!

HYMN 402. C. M.

The Pharisee and Publican.

1 SEE how the boasting Pharisee,
Within the temple stands;
To heav'n with lofty eyes he looks,
And lifts unhallow'd hands.

2 Of ev'ry good he vainly boasts,
But not of Jesus' blood,
By which a poor condemned wretch
May find access to God.

3 But hear the humble sinner's pray'r—
Mercy is all his cry:
"Spare, gracious Lord, O spare—nor let
A mourning sinner die."

4 To heav'n his humble pray'r ascends,
And brings salvation down;
But the proud Pharisee returns
Rejected with a frown.

5 Here, like the Publican, I stand,—
O heal the wounds within;

Show mercy Lord, O Lord, forgive,
And cleanse my soul from sin.

HYMN 403. C. M.

The rich fool surprised.

1 DELUDED souls! who think to grasp
A solid bliss below;
Bliss! the fair flow'r of paradise,
On earth can never grow.

2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd
T' increase his worldly store;
Too narrow now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.

3 "What shall I do?" distress'd he cries!
"This scheme will I pursue;
"My scanty barns shall now come down,
"I'll build them large and new.

4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
"My soul enjoy her ease;
"Eat, drink, be glad; my lasting store
"Shall yield what joys I please."

5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heav'n
Th' Almighty made reply:
"Thou fool, for whom dost thou provide,
"Since thou this night shalt die!"

6 Teach me, my God, that earthly joys
Are but an empty dream;
And let me find my all of bliss
In thee, the good Supreme!

HYMN 404. L. M.

The rich man and Lazarus.

1 IN what confusion earth appears—
God's dearest children bath'd in tears!
While they, who heav'n itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
That end, how diff'rent! who can tell
The wide extremes of heav'n and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple shine:
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain,
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abr'am's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
The meanest of thy servants' fare:
May I at last approach to taste
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

HYMN 405. L. M.

The barren fig-tree.

1 GOD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great deliv'rer's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
An useless cumb'rer of the ground,
Of which no pleasant fruits are found!

4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord!

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life, and in the arms of death;
My soul, the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

HYMN 406. C. M.

The lost sheep found; or, joy in heaven on the conversion of a sinner.

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain steep.

2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wand'rer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

6 Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.

7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"A wand'ring sheep's return'd," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

HYMN 407. H. M.

Types of Christ.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head,
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our surety seem'd to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!

O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

HYMN 408. C. M.

Brazen serpent.

1 WHEN Israel's sons, a murm'ring race,
Despis'd their heav'nly bread,
God bade his fiery serpents fly,
To strike the rebels dead.

2 Swift like an arrow through the air
The baneful reptiles fly;
The rebels feel the deadly wound,
And groan, and gasp, and die.

3 A part still live; but O, what looks!
What agonizing pain!
The fatal poison works within,
And human help is vain.

4 Now Moses feels his Israel's griefs,
To God for them he prays;
A brazen serpent he's to make,
And on a pole to raise.

5 How strange the means! but in his hand
The remedy how sure!
Not one that view'd the healing brass
But found immediate cure.

6 Thus Jesus on the sacred cross
Is lifted up on high;
Sinners, now look to him by faith,
And you shall never die.

HYMN 409. C. M.

Running the Christian race.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

HYMN 410. C. M.

Sinai and Zion.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells were Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

HYMN 411. C. M.

Christ, the way, the truth, and the life.

1 THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life,
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 412. L. M.

By grace ye are saved.

1 SELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings me pardon for my sin—
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss;

In Jesus' grace my soul is strong,
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.

4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near,
And 'tis by grace I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
Free grace is all they sing above.

5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;
For all that's past, grace is my theme,
For what's to come, 'tis still the same.

6 Through endless years, of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heav'nly King;
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout free grace to him alone.

HYMN 413. L. M.

Youth.

1 YE lovely bands of blooming youth,
Warn'd by the voice of heav'nly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents and your time.

2 Think on your end—nor thoughtless say,
"I'll put far off the evil day;"
Ah! not a moment's in your pow'r,
And death stands ready at the door.

3 Eternity! how near it rolls!
Count the vast value of your souls!
Beware! and count the awful cost,
What they have gain'd whose souls are lost.

4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts, and snares,
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears—
Take the alarm—the danger fly!
Lord, save me, be your earnest cry.

HYMN 414. C. M.

Youth.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm
In smiling crowds draw near,

And turn from ev'ry mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

HYMN 415. L. M.

To-day.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this ev'ning's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,

For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

HYMN 416. L. M.

Wisdom.

1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace—
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love!

2 Happy is he who thus can say,
"The Lord, the Saviour, died for me;"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.

3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace;
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compar'd with her.

4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun, that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n, are one.

HYMN 417. L. M.

Why art thou cast down.

1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares;
They cast dishonour on the Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise pass'd,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

HYMN 418. C. M.

God dwells with the humble and penitent.

1 THUS speaks the High and lofty One:
My throne is fix'd on high;
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky:

2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble hallow'd cell;
And, with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.

3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.

4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

HYMN 419. L. M.

The good old way.

1 THE righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus is the way to God;

O may we then no longer stray,
But come to Christ, the good old way

2 The prophets and apostles too,
Pursu'd this path while here below;
We therefore will, without dismay,
Thus walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 With faith and love and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere:
And when I die, triumphant say,
This is the right, the good old way.

HYMN 420. S. M.

The song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb:
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing;
Sing on rejoicing, ev'ry day,
In Christ, th' exalted King.

4 Soon shall your raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 421. L. M.

Zion's traveller viewing home.

1 AS when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, cross the plains,
He eyes his home, tho' distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because the journey's end is seen.

3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies;
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, with Jesus, he's to dwell,
To spend an everlasting day;
There shall he bid his cares farewell,
For he shall wipe his tears away.

HYMN 422. H. M.

Rejoice in the Lord alway.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

HYMN 423. L. M.

All nature invoked to praise the Creator.

1 CELESTIAL worlds! your Maker's name
Resound through ev'ry shining coast:
Our God a nobler praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.

2 Stupendous globe of flaming day!
Praise him in thy sublime career;
He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.

3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n
Night's sable horrors to illume!
Praise him who hung you high in heav'n,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play!
Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd!
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing, or bursting on the world.

5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Be the Almighty God ador'd:
He made the nations by his pow'r,
And rules them with his sov'reign word.

HYMN 424. C. M.

Death and heaven.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command!

2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes;
When shatter'd by the weight of years
This broken body lies:

3 When ev'ry long lov'd scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart:

4 O, thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed!

6 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath!
And, in thy fond embraces, lose
"The bitterness of death!"

HYMN 425. C. M.

Almighty power and majesty of God.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;

He speaks—and in his heav'nly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine,
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate our God.

HYMN 426. C. M.

Providences reviewed.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd;
When silent in the womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt,
To form themselves in pray'r.

4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,

Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll adore!
And, after death, in distant worlds,
Thy mercy still explore.

7 Thro' all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 427. C. M.

"Be still, for it is he."

1 THE Christian would not have his lot,
Be other than it is;
For while his Father rules the world,
He knows that world is his.

2 He knows that he who gave the best,
Will give him all beside;
Assured each seeming good he asks
Is evil, if denied.

3 When clouds of sorrow gather round,
His bosom owns no fear;
He knows, where'er his portion be,
His God will still be there.

4 And, when the threaten'd storm has burst,
Whate'er the trial be;
Something yet whispers him within,
"Be still, for it is he!"

HYMN 428. C. M.

The fountain of Christ's blood.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be—till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 429. 8, 7.

Blessings of instruction.

1 JESUS, Lord of life and glory!
Friend of sinners, hear our lays;
Humbly would our souls adore thee,
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.

2 We are debtors to thy kindness,
God of grace and boundless love!
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.

3 But 'tis ours to read the pages,
Where the rays of glory glow;

And, through everlasting ages,
We aspire its bliss to know.

4 Jesus! on this arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale;
Be our life, when we are dying,
Be our strength, when strength shall fail.

HYMN 430. L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;
One star, alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem:
But one, alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—my peril's o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star—the Star of Bethlehem!

HYMN 431. C. M.

Looking to Calvary.

1 I SAW one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain.

4 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou may'st live.

5 "Thus, while my death thy sin displays,
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals thy pardon too!"

HYMN 432. 8s.

Calvary.

1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A long reiterated cry:
My Saviour! ev'ry mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of deep darkness fell
On thee, the Immaculate, the Just:
The congregated hosts of hell,
Combin'd to shake thy filial trust.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, and not repine;

But when Jehovah veil'd his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world her silence break:
Let peeling anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we may never die!

5 Lord, on thy cross I fix my eye;
If e'er I slight its pure control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul!

HYMN 433. C. M.

Prospect of the resurrection.

1 THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We, soldiers of an injur'd King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our pow'rs decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then love's soft dew o'er ev'ry eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

HYMN 434. L. M.

The Mercy-seat.

1 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,—
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the *mercy-seat.*

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought *mercy-seat.*

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,—
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common *mercy-seat.*

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how, the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no *mercy-seat?*

5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin, and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the *mercy-seat.*

6 O! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still:
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the MERCY-SEAT.

HYMN 435. 7s.

Sinners exhorted in view of judgment.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;

Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass,
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above:
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

HYMN 436. L. M.

Christ knocking at the heart of the sinner.

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Hath waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dy'd on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heav'nly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;

Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

HYMN 437. L. M.

The striving of the Spirit.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,—
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity;
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYMN 438. L. M.

The wanderer invited to return.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

HYMN 439. 8, 7, 4.

Sinners invited to Christ.

1 COME, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies:
"*It is finish'd:*"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:

None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heav'n,
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!—
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 440. C. M.

Guest.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,—
His soothing voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r,
The lodging has possest;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heav'nly guest.

5 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out ev'ry sin.

HYMN 441. 12s.

Free grace to sinners.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,
For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain;

For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely, in streams of salvation.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon!
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair;
Now he calls you in mercy, and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them, it streams from this fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our king, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious!
With shouting proclaim it,—O trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely;—O glorious salvation.

4 Our Jesus proclaims his name all-victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore,
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;

We'll range the sweet plains, on the banks of
the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

HYMN 442. L. M.

Distinguishing grace acknowledged.

1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear:
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

3 Alas, for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice, they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters, from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

HYMN 443. 8s, 7s.

A miracle of Grace.

1 HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 Oh, what mercy flows from heav'n,
Oh, what joy and happiness!

Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way,

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above!
While astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.

HYMN 444. S. M.

Salvation by grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;

It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 445. 11s.

Precious Promises.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled:

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove,
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

HYMN 446. 8s.

The presence of God.

1 AS panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream;
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears, on tears, successive roll:
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my wo, and mock my fear;
And silent mem'ry weeps alone,
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walked the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd the great Redeemer's praise.
What, time the hallow'd arch along,
Responsive swell'd the solemn song.

4 Ah! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,
Should vexing thoughts disturb my breast?
Turn, turn to him in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day;
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

HYMN 447. 8s.

Hope in despair.

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign;
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All-plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar—
"The Lord hath forsaken thee quite:
Thy God will be gracious no more."

3 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries—
My groanings that cannot be told.

HYMN 448. C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet Morning-Star,
And he my rising Sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "*I am his.*"

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conq'ror through.

HYMN 449. 8, 7.

Grateful recollection.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

HYMN 450. 8s.

Longing for Christ.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me:

The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I:
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 451. 7s.

Repentance at the cross.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood;

Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucifi'd God's only Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driv'n the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with the bloody spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain,
Still to death thy Lord pursue;
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No! with all my sins I'll part,
Break, O break, my bleeding heart.

HYMN 452. C. M.

Restoring grace.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh take the wand'rer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;

Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 453. C. M.

The contrite heart.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

HYMN 454. C. M.

Contrite heart.

1 THE Lord, will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love the house of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache;—
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 455. L. M.

Conviction.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
Oh that I could at last submit!
At Jesus' feet to lay me down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would: but thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN 456. L. M.

Worship.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retir'd and silent seek them there:
This is the way to overcome—
The way to break the tempter's snare.

3 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Thro' all the windings of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purify'd.

5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN 457. C. M.

Backsliding and returning.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,

My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

3 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

4 Wretch that I am! to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Nor ever lose thy sight.

HYMN 458. 7s.

Humble request.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee,—here we stay;
Lord, from hence we could not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 459. 7s.

The Close of a Meeting for Prayer.

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social pray'r;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise:
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

HYMN 460. 8, 7, 4.

Invitation.—(ORIGINAL.)

1 SINNERS! we are sent to bid you,
To the gospel-feast to-day;
Will you slight the invitation,
Will you, can you, yet delay?
Jesus calls you;
Come, poor sinners, come away.

2 Come! O come! all things are ready—
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:
If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
Sinners can your souls appear
Guests in heaven,
Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?

3 Come! O come! leave father, mother;
To your Saviour's bosom fly:
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon or you die:
"Pardon, Saviour,"
Hear the sinking sinner cry.

4 Even *now* the holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit—
Sinner will you say, "*Depart?*"
Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart?

5 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue could tell?
What are all its boasted treasures,
To a soul once sunk in hell?
Treasure! Pleasure!
No such sounds are heard in hell.

6 Fly! O fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain!—
Leave this Sodom of corruption,
Turn not, look not back again;
Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain.

HYMN 461. C. M.

The good Shepherd.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender Lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;

That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN 462. 8, 6.

Love to God.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee!
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love:
The love of Christ in me.

2 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

3 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove,
Thou know'st (for all to thee are known,)
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love.

5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

6 Only thy love do I require,
Nothing in earth below desire,
But this in heav'n above;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Impart to me thy love.

HYMN 463. L. M.

The Christian race.

1 AWAKE our souls, (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought begone!)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 464. L. M.

Darkness removed.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart;
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O, let me then, at length, be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn,)
That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN 465. 8s.

Death of a Brother.

1 HOW blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind;
How rich the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

2 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again;

No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal frame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

3 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep;
These fountains can yield no supplies—
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

4 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
Oh, shall I not shortly become!
My spirit created anew,
Ere I am consign'd to the tomb!

HYMN 466. 8s.

Death of a sister.

1 'TIS finish'd! the conflict is past,
The heav'n-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.
The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more—
She's gain'd her happy release.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.

Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

3 The victory now is obtain'd;
She's gone her dear Saviour to see;
Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
She's now where she longed to be.
Then let us forbear to complain,
That she has now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

HYMN 467. S. M.

Issues of life and death.

1 OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!
'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,
Nor *all* of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of tears—
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

5 Lord, God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun:—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

HYMN 468. C. M.

Desiring to be prepared for death.

1 IF I must die, oh! let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, oh! let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below,
For pleasures more refin'd.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing,
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Tho' Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

HYMN 469. C. M.

Death.

1 DEATH rides on ev'ry passing breeze,
He lurks in ev'ry flow'r;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril ev'ry hour!

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

3 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly tow'rds the tomb;

And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

HYMN 470. 7s.

The dying Christian to his soul.

1 VITAL spark, of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3 The world recedes!—it disappears!—
Heav'n opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

HYMN 471. L. M.

The Day of Judgment.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll;

When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 Oh! on that day—that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay—
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away.

HYMN 472. C. M.

Banishment from God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys—
Thou Sov'reign of my heart—
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word—"Depart."

3 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,—
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

HYMN 473. L. M.

Christ's coming to judgment.

1 THE Lord shall come, the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake,
And with'ring from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come, but not the same
As once in lowliness he came;
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by pow'r, and mock'd by pride,
The *Nazarene*, the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks hide us, mountains on us fall!"
The saints ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "the Lord is come."

HYMN 474. L. M.

Eternity joyful and tremendous.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But O! if Christ and heav'n be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r,
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood,—
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

4 But should my highest hopes be vain;
The rising doubt, how sharp the pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.

5 Search, Lord! O search my inmost heart,
And light and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

HYMN 475. 11, 5.

Sweet home.

1 AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin, I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home!

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there shall I rest with the Saviour at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more:
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

HYMN 476. 8s.

Longing for heaven.

1 TO Jesus the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone:
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My saviour, whom absent, I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power:

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When cloth'd in thy glories, I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;

5 O then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
I'll meet him whom absent I lov'd,
Shall see—whom unseen I ador'd.

6 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

HYMN 477. 8, 6.

The heavenly rest.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers giv'n:

There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone—in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driv'n;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heav'n.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riv'n;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heav'n.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heav'n.

HYMN 478. L. M.

Prayer for Zion's increase.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from the throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be apply'd,
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In ev'ry land, of ev'ry name;

Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

HYMN 479. 7s.

Watchman! what of the night.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy fortell?
Trav'ler! yes: it brings the day,—
Promis'd day of Israel!

2 Watchman! tell us of the night!
Higher yet that star ascends:
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease:
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

HYMN 480. 8 7s & 4s.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connexions, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?

Can I leave you
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Yes I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows bear me;
Lovely native land farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

HYMN 481. 7, 6.

The gospel banner.

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In ev'ry land unfurl'd,
And be the shout hosanna
Re-echoed through the world;
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till ev'ry tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
Cho. Now be the gospel banner, &c.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings,

Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.
Cho. Now be the gospel, &c.

HYMN 482. 7s.

After the charge.

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood;
Say, how Jesus' bowels move;
Tell him of redeeming love.

2 Tell him how he suffer'd death;
Freely yielded up his breath;
Died, and rose to intercede,
As our advocate and head.

3 Tell him it was sov'reign grace,
Wrought on you to seek his face;
Made you choose the better part,
Brought salvation to your heart.

4 Tell him of that liberty,
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiv'n,
Earnest of the joys of heav'n.

HYMN 483. C. M.

The ministerial office.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;

But what might fill an angel's heart—
It fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch'd for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;—
For souls, which must for ever live,
In raptures, or in wo.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 484. 7s.

Am I called?—(ORIGINAL.)

1 AM I call'd? and can it be!
Has my Saviour chosen me?
Guilty, wretched as I am,
Has he nam'd my worthless name?
Vilest of the vile am I,
Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I call'd? I dare not stay,
May not, must not disobey;
Here, I lay me at thy feet,
Clinging to the mercy-seat;
Thine I am and thine alone,
Lord, with me thy will be done.

3 Am I call'd? what shall I bring,
As an off'ring to my King?
Poor and blind, and naked I,
Trembling at thy footstool lie,
Naught but sin I call my own,
Nor for sin can sin atone.

4 Am I call'd? I am, I am,
Meanest foll'wer of the Lamb;
Am I call'd? O joy of joys,
Earth, I spurn thy gilded toys;

Wash'd, redeem'd by precious blood,
Heir of bliss, a child of God.

5 Jesus, Master, wilt thou keep
In thy fold thy wand'ring sheep?
Never, never let me roam,
Never seek another home;
Keep me ever near thy side,
Thy example still my guide.

6 To thy bosom, Lord, I fly,
For thee I'll live, to thee I'll die;
Ever hold me in thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillow'd on a Saviour's breast.

HYMN 485. 11s.

Invitation to the Young.—(ORIGINAL.)

1 COME, youthful sinners, come *now* to the Saviour—
Come, ye young wand'rers, again to his side,
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favour,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

2 Come to his temple in life's dawning morning,
Give up your souls to the guide of your youth;
How sweet is grace the young bosom adorning,—
What robe so fair as the raiment of truth.

3 Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for comfort in wand'ring from God?
Anguish and shame wait the vot'ries of folly;
Earth has no comfort not found in his blood.

4 Has he not died for you? look on this table;
Here see the tokens of sorrow and love!
Lives he not now for you? Jesus is able
To keep you thro' life, and to bless you above.

HYMN 486. 8, 7.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Let the world despise, and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts, and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favour, loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in ev'ry station,
Something still to do, or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of Heav'n, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r:
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

HYMN 487. H. M.

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights, and mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath be indulg'd in vain.

HYMN 488. L. M.

Sabbath evening.

1 IS there a time when moments flow,
More peacefully than all beside?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

2 O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The diff'rent forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

3 And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

4 Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear;
A heav'nly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

5 If heav'n be ever felt below,
A scene so heav'nly, sure, as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

6 Delightful hour, how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light,
Must call us to the world again.

7 Yet will there dawn at last a day,—
A SUN that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heav'nly Sabbath never dies!

HYMN 489. C. M.

Spring.

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray;

And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature, and of grace,
Thy heav'nly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love, and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

HYMN 490. 7s.

Spring.

1 PLEASING spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise!

2 Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see:
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, suppress'd my song.

3 How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns!
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again!

4 O beloved Saviour haste,
Tell me all the storms are past;
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

HYMN 491. 7s.

New Year.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

2 Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

3 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies,
Darts and leaves no trace behind:

4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

5 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

6 Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with the Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 492. C. M.

Evening twilight.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful pray'r.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,

And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HYMN 493. L. M.

An evening thought.—(ORIGINAL.)

1 HAST thou, my soul! improv'd each pow'r,
With zeal, this day, for God and man
Hath diligence mark'd ev'ry hour,
As though this day might close the span?

2 Oh! if another op'ning morn
On earth, should never smile on thee,
Wert thou to meet another dawn
In yon unknown eternity—

3 Shouldst thou with grief review this day,
And tremble at Jehovah's rod?
Or, wouldst thou calmly soar away,
To welcome an approving God?

HYMN 494. C. M.

An evening hymn.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

1 AND now another day is past;
The Sun has left our shore;

And weary lab'rers homeward haste—
Their daily toil is o'er.

2 But, mighty God, thy wakeful eye
Needs not sleep's balmy pow'r;
O, be thy watchful Spirit nigh,
In night's unguarded hour.

3 For day and night, alike to thee,
Are glorious and bright;
Thy dwelling-place is brilliancy,
And thou thyself art light.

4 From Satan's sway—from sin's control,
Do thou protect my heart;
Nor from thee let this wand'ring soul,
E'en in a dream depart.

5 From ev'ry light and vain desire,
This sinful bosom free;
My heart would burn with holy fire—
An altar, Lord, for thee.

6 With confidence I'll take my rest,
Relying on thy love;
Be ev'ry rising fear represt,
Nor let thy grace remove.

7 But if this night should be my last,
And end my transient days,
I'll live to thee when death is past,
A sinless life of praise.

HYMN 495. 8, 7, 4.

Hope encouraged.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness;
Bid thy restless soul begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer—
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee;
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 Oh, that I could now adore him,
Like the heav'nly hosts above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join!

HYMN 496. C. M.

The world a wilderness.

1 THIS world's a dreary wilderness,
Where turbid waters flow;
No blooming flowers of paradise,
But thorns profusely grow.

2 We lose our friends, our wealth decays,
And life is full of pain;
For various good we wait and wish,
But wish and wait in vain.

3 Our hand outstretch'd to seize the prize,
The phantom flies away;

And leaves us to relentless grief,
An unexpected prey.

4 Jesus our Saviour, now to thee,
With hasty steps we come;
Our only refuge here below,
And our eternal home.

5 'Midst rising winds and beating storms,
Reclining on thy breast,
We find in thee a hiding-place,
And here securely rest.

HYMN 497. 8, 8, 6.

Reflection.

1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady poll:
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die."

3 My soul attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 A heav'n or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known,
There is no middle state;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

HYMN 498. C. M.

The pilgrimage of the saints; or, *Earth and heaven.*

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply:
No cheering fruits, nor wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray:
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.

5 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

6 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home.

HYMN 499. 11, 10.

The mercy-seat.

1 COME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded'hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;

Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared, come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

HYMN 536. C. M.

Faith prevailing in times of sickness and trouble.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away:—

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:—

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:—

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the covenant of his grace
For all things to depend:—

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be;
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
O Lord, direct from thee!

HYMN 501. 8, 7, 4.

Zion's increase prayed for

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high!
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die. **Lord, &c.**

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen! **Lord, &c.**

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee: **Lord, &c.**

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth: **Lord, &c.**

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show. **Lord, &c.**

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd with thick blossoms stood;
But they cost us grief at present,
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud! **Lord, &c.**

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again:

O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain. Lord, &c

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'r;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares. Lord,&c

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh. Lord, &c.

HYMN 502. 8, 7.

Zion's joy.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

3 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love;
To supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

4 Who can faint while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

5 See the cloud and fire appearing,
Round each tent by night and day,
For a glory, and a cov'ring,
Safe to guide them all the way.

6 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood;
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

HYMN 503. C. M.

Importance of the season of youth.

1 O IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—

2 Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd.

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways:

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest:
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its ev'ning blest!

HYMN 504. C. M.

Parent's prayer for their children.

1 THO' parents may in cov'nant be,
And have their heav'n in view;
They are unhappy till they see
Their children happy too.

2 Their hearts with inward anguish bleed,
When all attempts prove vain,
And they pursue those paths that lead
To everlasting pain.

3 They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,
While tears in torrents flow;

And 'tis beyond the pow'r of speech,
To tell the griefs they know.

4 Till they can see victorious grace
Their children's souls possess;
The sparkling wit, the smiling face,
But adds to their distress.

5 See the fond father clasp his child;
Hark! how his bowels move—
Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd
From God, my Father's love?

6 Shall cruel spirits drag thee down
To darkness and despair,
Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,
To dwell for ever there?

7 Kind heav'n, the dreadful scene forbid,
Look down, dear Lord, and bless;
I'll wrestle hard as Abr'am did,
May I obtain success!

HYMN 505. C. M.

Death of a Minister.

1 ENWRAPT in thickest shades of night,
Oh Lord, thy ways appear;
But yet we own they all are right,
Though seemingly severe.

2 Now we lament our errors past,
With sighs, and groans, and tears;
The num'rous moments run to waste,
Amidst perplexing cares.

3 The labours of thy servant, Lord,
By us were misimprov'd;
Too little have we read thy word,
Too much the world have loved.

4 Thy visitation now is come,
Our pastor is no more;

We meet within thy sacred dome,
And here our loss deplore.

5 Great God, while in our widow'd state,
Oh leave us not alone;
Help us to watch, and pray, and wait,
Till thou in love return.

6 Let not the candlestick remove
From this thine own abode;
But let our supplications prove
That we prevail with God.

7 O send a messenger of peace,
A pastor of thy choice;
Bid all our sighs and sorrows cease,
And cause us to rejoice.

HYMN 506. C. M.

Christian Fellowship.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixt in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;

When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own:

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, sav'd by grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 507. S. M.

The Convert.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live:
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely:
Assur'd If I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 508. 11, 12.

I would not live alway.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough of life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

HYMN 509. 7s.

Self-examination.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:—
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove—
Ev'ry trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it so with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd—
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 510. L. M.

Presence of Christ with his worshippers.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord.
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise:

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be
Amid that little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glory round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
O send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

HYMN 511. C. M.

A holy heart desired.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek;
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Holy, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine!

HYMN 512. L. M.

Prayer for a sick minister.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of his flock.

2 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

3 Bound to each soul by tend'rest ties,
In ev'ry breast his image lies:
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart

4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And pray'rs and tears cannot prevail;

Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

HYMN 513. C. M.

Middle age.

1 AND have I measur'd half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun?

2 The morning of my life is past;
The noon is almost o'er:
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can work no more.

3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
In mercy help my unbelief,
And melt my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give,
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

HYMN 514. C. M.

Pearl of great price.

1 YE glitt'ring toys of earth adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye spacious baits of sense;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
O, name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted store resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd;
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise that grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine.

HYMN 515. 7s.

Choosing the heritage of God's people.

1 PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Ev'ry idol I resign.

HYMN 516. 11s.

Acquaint thyself with God.

1 ACQUAINT thee, O mortal! acquaint thee
with God; [road;
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy

And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God; [abroad,
And he shall be with thee when fears are
Thy safeguard, in danger that threatens thy path,—
Thy joy, in the valley and shadow of death.

HYMN 517. C. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell:
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve,
Lies not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire:
To boundless joy and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There sits my Saviour, dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 518. C. M.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light:
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood;
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 519. C. M.

In behalf of orphans.

1 OH gracious Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need!
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.

2 Bereft of all a mother's love,
And all a father's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
To whom direct our prayer?—

3 To thee we flee—to thee we pray—
Thou shalt our Father be:
More than the fondest parent's care
We find, O Lord, in thee!

4 Already thou hast heard our cry,
And wip'd away our tears:

Thy mercy has a refuge found
To guard our helpless years.

5 O let thy love descend on those
Who pity to us show;
Nor let their children ever taste
The orphan's cup of wo.

HYMN 520. L. M.

Amen.

1 AMEN! My Father hears my prayers,
He knows my sorrows, counts my tears
He never said to Jacob's race,
In vain ye seek your Father's face.

2 Amen! My precious Jesus lives,
And access to his people gives;
A rainbow now surrounds the throne;
And in his name I boldly come.

3 Amen! The Spirit will impart
His sacred influ'nce to my heart;
He'll teach and help me when I pray,
Nor shall I go asham'd away.

4 Amen! The words thy lips pronounce,
The wishes of my soul announce;
And God more willing is to give,
Than I am willing to receive.

5 Amen! I said, when first I gave
Myself to Christ that he might save;
And still my tongue repeats that word,
Whene'er I call upon my Lord.

6 Amen! I will not faint or cease,
But wait as long as he shall please;
Depending, praying, pressing on,
Till to himself he takes me home.

7 Amen! the cov'nant is secure,
In all things order'd well, and sure;

The promises confirm'd remain;
In Christ their yea, in him Amen.

8 Amen! This is the Saviour's name,
He is the faithful, true Amen;
As he hath said, so shall it be,
Amen to all eternity.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

2. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

4. C. M.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

5. S. M.

TO the eternal Three,
In will and essence one;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal honours done.

6. 7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

8. L. P. M.

NOW to the great, and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

9. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom Heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

10. 8s.

1 THIS *God* is the *God* we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;

Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure or end;

2 'Tis *Jesus*, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

11. 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

	Hymns.
I. Universal Praise,	1 & 423
II. The Scriptures,	5 & 429
III. Being and Attributes of God,	15 & 425
IV. Trinity,	37
V. Creation,	40
VI. Providence,	43 & 426
VII. Fall and Depravity of Man,	58
VIII. Redemption,	66 & 428
IX. Covenant of Grace,	77
X. Jesus, Saviour,	82
His Divinity,	88
His Incarnation,	91 & 430
His Life and Ministry,	100
His Sufferings and Death,	105 & 431
His Resurrection and Ascension,	116
His Exaltation and Intercession,	125 & 434
His Offices,	131 & 435
XI. Holy Spirit,	135 & 437
XII. Church of Christ,	145 & 501
XIII. Blessings of the Covenant,	160 & 438
The Call,	160 & 439
Converting Grace,	175 & 441
Regeneration,	178
Justification,	184
Adoption,	189 & 445
Communion with God,	193 & 446
Sanctification,	196
Perseverance,	200 & 444
Happiness of the Christian,	203 & 449
XIV. Repentance,	209 & 451
XV. Faith,	220
XVI. Prayer and Worship,	230 & 456
XVII. The Sacraments,	240
Baptism,	240 & 461
Lord's Supper,	245 & 460

		Hymns.
XVIII	Moral Law,	262
	Love to God, the substance of the first Table,	266 & 462
	Love to man, the substance of the second Table,	271
XIX.	Watchfulness,	277 & 463
XX.	Christian Warfare,	280
XXI.	Time,	285
XXII.	Death,	288, 465, 466 & 470
XXIII.	Resurrection,	306 & 433
XXIV.	Judgment,	310 & 471
XXV.	Eternity,	316 & 474
	Heaven,	317 & 475
	Hell,	323
XXVI.	Times and Seasons,	325
	Missions,	ib. & 478
	Ordination	328 & 482
	Confirmation,	330 & 484
	Laying the corner stone of a Church,	333
	Dedication of a Church,	334
	Charity,	336
	Lord's Day,	342 & 487
	Seasons of the year,	353 & 489
	New Year,	359 & 491
	Morning and Evening,	362 & 492
	Fast and Thanksgiving Days,	373
	Temptations and Afflictions,	381 & 495
	Sickness and Recovery,	389 & 500
XXVII.	Miscellaneous	392
	Abraham's offering his son,	397
	Age, Middle	513
	Age, Old	445 & 508
	Bethesda's Pool,	396
	Carnal Joys, parting with	517
	Cast down, why art thou	417
	Creature's love to, dangerous	512
	Convert, the	507
	Dismission,	352

	Hymns.
Examination, self	509
Fear of God, ...	394
Fellowship, Christian	506
Fig-tree, barren	405
Grace, saved by	412
Heart, a holy, desired, ...	511
Heritage of God's people, choosing the	515
Humility, ...	393
Humble and penitent God dwells with,	418
Jacob wrestling with God, . . .	398
Ministry, the Gospel	395
Minister, prayer for a sick . . .	512
" death of a	505
Orphans, prayer in behalf of . .	519
Parents, prayer of for their children	504
Pearl of great price, ...	514
Peter's Fall and Recovery, . . .	399
Pharisee and Publican, ...	402
Presence of Christ with his worship'rs	510
Prodigal, the	401
Race, running the Christian . .	409
Rich fool, the surprised	403
" man and Lazarus	404
Serpent, brazen	408
Sheep, lost, found, ...	406
Sinai and Zion, ...	410
Sincerity, ...	392
Song of Moses and the Lamb, . .	420
Thief, the converted	400
To-Day	415
Travellers, Zion's	421
Types of Christ, ...	407
Way, the good old	419
Wisdom, ...	116
Youth, ...	413 & 503
Zion's Joy, ...	502
" Increase	501
Doxologies, page	607

A TABLE

OF FIRST LINES, TO FIND ANY PSALM OR HYMN.

The Hymns will be found in the following Table after the Psalms, in alphabetical order, marked HYMNS; the Appendix Hymns are also marked, (*App.*)

	Page.
All ye that love the Lord, rejoice -	222
Almighty Ruler of the skies - -	10
Almighty God appear and save -	14
Amid thy wrath remember love - -	55
Among th' assemblies of the great -	117
Among the princes, earthly gods -	122
And will the God of grace - -	117
Are all the foes of Zion fools - -	78
Are sinners now so senseless grown -	17
Arise, my gracious God - - -	20
Arise, O King of grace, arise -	198
As pants the hart for cooling streams -	61
Awake my soul with fervent praise -	162
Awake ye saints, to praise your King -	202

HYMNS.

A good High Priest is come -	336
Adam, our father and our head - -	286
Adore the Father and the Son -	268
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed -	389
Alas! how chang'd that lovely flow'r	448
Alas! what hourly dangers rise -	433
Almighty Father, bless thy word -	484
Almighty Father, gracious Lord -	272
Aloud we sing the wondrous grace -	430
Am I a soldier of the cross - -	435
And are we wretches yet alive - -	388
And did the holy and the just -	318
And is the gospel peace and love -	314
And must this body die - -	452

Angels! roll the rock away - - 327
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat - 406
Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise - 288
As on the cross the Saviour hung - 518
As once the Saviour took his seat - 391
As when the weary trav'ller gains - 532
Ascend thy throne, Almighty King - 351
Astonish'd and distress'd - - 287
Attend while God's exalted Son - 366
Attend, ye children of your God - 410
At thy command, our dearest Lord - 419
Awake, awake the sacred song - 309
Awake and sing the song - - 532
Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound - 367
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays - - 265
Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes - 437
Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve - 525
Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring 260
Awake, sweet gratitude and sing - 333
A charge to keep I have (*Appendix.*) 598
Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with 603
Amen!—my Father hears my pray'rs 606
Am I called? and can it be - - 580
An alien from God, and a stranger to grace 574
And now another day is past - - 587
And have I measur'd half my days - 602
And will the Lord thus condescend - 549
Arm of the Lord! awake, awake - 576
As panting in the sultry beam - - 554
Awake our souls, away our fears - 566
Before Jehovah's awful throne - - 143
Behold, O God, what cruel foes - 114
Behold the blest Redeemer comes - 59
Behold the lofty sky - - 25
Behold the love, the gen'rous love - 50
Behold the morning sun - - 26
Behold the stately cedar stands - - 152
Behold the sure foundation stone - 173

Behold thy waiting servant, Lord - 180
Bless, O my soul, the living God - 148
Blest are the undefiled in heart - 174
Blest are the souls that hear and know - 127
Blest is the man for ever blest - 44
Blest is the man whose bowels move - 61
Blest is the nation where the Lord - 46
By Babel's streams the captives sate - 204

HYMNS.

Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay - - 244
Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near 395
Behold! long-wish'd-for spring is come 486
Behold the day! the appointed day - 308
Behold th' expected time draw near - 467
Behold the Saviour of mankind - 319
Behold the sin-atoning Lamb - - ib.
Behold what condescending love - 409
Behold what wondrous grace - - 373
Behold, where in a mortal form - 315
Beneath a num'rous train of ills - - 283
Beside the gospel pool - - 515
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares - 530
Beyond the glitt'ring starry skies - 331
Blessed are the sons of God - - 374
Blest be the Eternal Infinite - 490
Blest be the tie that binds - - 432
Blest Comforter divine - - 342
Blest is the man whose heart expands - 477
Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart ib.
Blest is the mem'ry of the just - 397
Bless'd Jesus, when my soaring thoughts 302
Bless'd morning whose young dawning rays 323
Bless'd with the joys of innocence - 284
Blow ye the trumpet, blow - - 295
Bright as the sun's meridian blaze - 348
Bright King of glory, dreadful God - 306
By faith in Christ we're justified - 372
Behold a stranger at the door (*App.*) 546

Children in years and knowledge young 47
Come sound his praise abroad - - 138
Consider all my sorrows, Lord - 183

HYMNS.

Can aught beneath a pow'r divine - 369
Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day - - 324
Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day 479
Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep 481
Come gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove 341
Come happy souls, approach your God 294
Come, Holy Spirit, come - - 342
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove - 343
Come humble sinner, in whose breast 363
Come, let us join our cheerful songs 422
Come, O thou all-victorious Lord - 484
Come weary souls, with sins distrest 358
Come, we that love the Lord - 382
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord - 265
Commit thou all thy griefs - - 280
Celestial worlds! your Maker's name (*App.*) 537
Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing - 556
Come, ye weary, heavy laden - - 548
Come, youthful sinners, come now to the 581
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish 591
David rejoiced in God his strength - 30
Deep in our hearts let us record - 96

HYMNS.

Day of judgment, day of wonders - 454
Dearest of all names above - - 293
Dear Lord, and shall thy spirit rest - 339
Dear Saviour, we are thine - - 369
Death cannot make our souls afraid - 445
Death may dissolve my body now - 444
Death! 'tis a melancholy day - - 447
Death, with his dread commission seal'd 502
Deceiv'd by subtle snares of hell - 286
Deep in the dust before thy throne - 285
Deluded souls, who think to grasp - 521

Did ever one of Adam's race - - 363
Do not I love thee, O my Lord - 427
Dread Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song - 495
Death rides on ev'ry passing breeze (*App.*) 570
Early my God without delay - - 87
Exalt the Lord our God - - 143
Enslav'd by sin, and bound in chains - 291
Ere the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad 304
Eternal God! Almighty Cause - 254
Eternal King, enthron'd above - - 413
Eternal King, the greatest, best - 261
Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode - 267
Eternal Spirit! 'twas thy breath - 251
Eternal Spirit! we confess - - 337
Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise - 271
Eternity! stupendous theme - - 459
Exalted high at God's right hand - 460
Encompass'd with clouds of distress (*App.*) 554
Eternity is just at hand - - 573
Enwrapt in thickest shades of night - 596
Far as thy name is known - - 69
Father, I bless thy gentle hand - 186
Father, I sing thy wondrous grace - 98
Firm and unmoved are they - - 192
Fools in their hearts believe and say - 16
For ever blessed be the Lord - 212
For ever shall my song record - - 125
From age to age exalt his name - 158
From all that dwell below the skies - 171
From foes that round us rise - 84

HYMNS.

Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss - 397
Faith is the brightest evidence - 396
Faith, 'tis a precious grace - - 394
Far beyond all comprehension - 298
Far from the utmost verge of day - 466
Far from these narrow scenes of night 461
Father of faithful Abr'am hear - 350

Father of mercies, God of love - - 392
Father of mercies, in thy word - 246
Father of mercies, send thy grace - 429
Few are thy days, and full of wo - 441
Frequent the day of God returns - 482
From Greenland's icy mountains - 468
From whence these direful omens sound 317
From Calvary a cry was heard (*App.*) 543
From ev'ry stormy wind that blows - 544
Give thanks to God; he reigns above - 158
Give thanks to God, invoke his name 154
Give thanks to God most high - - 202
Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame - 40
God counts the sorrows of his saints - 81
God from his cloudy cistern pours - 151
God in his earthly temple lays - - 124
God is our refuge in distress - 66
God, my supporter and my hope - 105
God of eternal love - - - 157
God of my life, look gently down - 57
God of my childhood and my youth - 101
God of my mercy and my praise - 163
Good is the Lord, the heav'nly King 91
Great God attend while Zion sings - 119
Great God attend to my complaint - 89
Great God, indulge my humble claim - 88
Great God whose universal sway - 102
Great is the Lord, exalted high - - 201
Great is the Lord, his works of might 166
Great is the Lord our God - - 68
Great shepherd of thine Israel - 114

HYMNS.

Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour - 350
Give me a sober mind - - 434
Give to the winds thy fears - - 280
Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord 469
God in the gospel of his Son - - 251
God is a King, of pow'r unknown - 257

God moves in a mysterious way - 273
God of all pow'r, and truth, and grace 378
God of eternity from thee - - 439
God of my life, my morning song - 493
God of my life, to thee belong - 522
God of our lives, thy constant care - 489
God who in various methods told - 248
Gracious Spirit, love divine - - 340
Great God of Providence, thy ways - 278
Great God, to thee my ev'ning song - 496
Great God, we sing that mighty hand 490
Great Ruler of the earth and skies - 503
Great Sov'reign of the earth and sky - 474
Great was the day, the joy was great 338
Glorious things of thee are spoken (*App.*) 594
Grace, 'tis a charming sound - 552
Had not the Lord, may Israel say - 191
Happy is he that fears the Lord - 166
Happy the city where their sons - 213
Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face - 145
Hear what the Lord in vision said - 128
He reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns 140
He that hath made his refuge God - 132
How awful is thy chast'ning rod - 110
How did my heart rejoice to hear - 189
How fast their guilt and sorrows rise 19
How long, eternal God, how long - 106
How long wilt thou conceal thy face 15
How pleasant, how divinely fair - 118
How shall the young secure their hearts 176

HYMNS.

Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord - - 268
Hail mighty Jesus! how divine - - 364
Hail the blest morn, when the great 312
Hail the day that saw him rise - - 328
Happy beyond description he - 514
Happy the heart where graces reign - 426

Happy the man who finds the grace 530
Happy soul, thy days are ended - - 444
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound 441
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord - 428
Hark! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice - 436
Hark! the song of jubilee - - 353
Hark! the voice of love and mercy - 296
Hark! what mean those holy voices 306
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise - - 529
He lives! the great Redeemer lives - 332
He's come, let ev'ry knee be bent - 340
Hear what God, the Lord hath spoken 348
Hear what the voice from heav'n declares 442
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims 446
Here, at thy table, Lord, we meet - 417
High in yonder realms of light - - 464
Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh 360
Holy and rev'rend is the name - 262
Honour and happiness unite - - 384
Hosanna with a cheerful sound - 491
How beauteous are their feet - - 514
How condescending and how kind - 417
How feeble human efforts prove - 517
How great, how terrible that God - 455
How long shall death, the tyrant, reign - 454
How oft have sin and Satan strove - 300
How precious is the book divine - 248
How rich are thy provisions, Lord - 418
How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight - 431
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds 300
Hail, my ever blessed Jesus (*App.*) 551
Hark! the song of jubilee - - 577
Hast thou, my soul, improv'd each pow'r 587
Hearts of stone, relent, relent - 557
How blest is our brother bereft - 567
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord - - - - 553

How oft, alas! this wretched heart - 558
How tedious and tasteless the hours - 556
How vain are all things here below - 604
I lift my soul to God - - - 35
I love the Lord; he heard my cries - 170
I waited patient for the Lord - - 58
I will extol thee, Lord, on high - 41
If God succeed not all the cost - - 193
I'll bless the Lord from day to day - 46
I'll praise my Maker with my breath - 217
In anger, Lord, do not chastise - 7
In haste, O God, attend my call - - 99
In Judah God of old was known - 108
In thee, great God, with songs of praise 29
In Zion's sacred gates - - 223
Into thy hand, O God of truth - - 42
Is there ambition in my heart - 197
It is the Lord our Saviour's hand - 147

HYMNS.

I ask'd the Lord that I might grow - 405
I know that my Redeemer lives - - 326
I love this hour of calm repose - 497
I love thy kingdom, Lord - - 344
Indulgent God! to thee I raise - 384
Infinite grace! and can it be - - 266
In sweet exalted strains - - 473
In vain my fancy strives to paint - 443
In what confusion earth appears - 521
Israel in ancient days - - - 524
Is this the kind return - - 387
It is the Lord—enthron'd in light - 281
It is the voice of love divine - - 329
It shall be well, let sinners know - 283
I hear a voice that comes from far (*App.*) 551
I love to steal awhile away - - 586
I saw one hanging on a tree - 543
I would not live alway: I ask not to stay 598
If I must die, oh! let me die - - 570

If 'tis sweet to mingle where - 563
Is there a time when moments flow - 584
Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light - 135
Jesus, my God, my all in all - - 122
Jesus, my Lord doth condescend - 33
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne - 164
Jesus the priest ascends the throne - 165
Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun - 102
Joy to the world; the Lord is come - 142
Judge me, O God, and plead my cause - 63
Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways 38
Judges, who rule the world by laws - 82
Just are thy ways, and true thy word 23

HYMNS.

Jehovah is a God of might - - 263
Jesus! and shall it ever be - - 303
Jesus invites his saints - - 416
Jesus! lover of my soul - - - 505
Jesus, my love, my chief delight - 301
Jesus once for sinners slain - - 420
Jesus, our souls delightful choice - 398
Jesus the Lord our souls adore - - 331
Jesus, the spring of joys divine - 302
Jesus, with all thy saints above - - 290
Join all the glorious names - - 335
Jesus, I my cross have taken (*App.*) 582
Jesus, Lord of life and glory - 541
Let all the heathen writers join - - 178
Let children hear the mighty deeds - 111
Let ev'ry tongue thy mercy speak - 215
Let God arise in all his might - 94
Let sinners take their course - - 80
Let Zion and her sons rejoice - 146
Let Zion in her King rejoice - - 67
Let Zion praise the mighty God - 218
Lo! what an entertaining sight - - 199
Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove 21
Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin - 75

Lord, I esteem thy judgments right - 178
Lord, I have made thy word my choice - 179
Lord, if thine eyes survey our faults 130
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear - 6
Lord of the worlds above - - 120
Lord, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind 121
Lord, thou hast form'd my soul sincere 22
Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry - 172
Lord, thou hast planted with thy hands 115
Lord, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land 84
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray 5
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand - 134
Lord, we have heard thy works of old 63
Lord, what is man, poor feeble man - 213
Lord, what was man when made at first 9
Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er - 207
Lord, when iniquities abound - 15
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high - 95
Lord, when thy vine in Canaan grew 115

HYMNS.

Laden with guilt, and full of fears - 250
Let ev'ry mortal ear attend - - 354
Let others boast how strong they be 274
Let Pharisees of high esteem - - 430
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord - 269
Let us adore th' eternal word - - 419
Let us adore the grace that seeks - 355
Let us awake our joys - - - 336
Lo! he comes with clouds descending 458
Long unafflicted, undismay'd - - 509
Look down, O God, with pitying eye 499
Look up ye saints, direct your eyes - 269
Look up, ye saints, with sweet surprise 352
Lord, at thy feet I prostrate fall - 393
Lord, at thy table I behold - - 421
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing - 485
Lord, hast thou call'd me by thy grace 282
Lord, how secure and blest are they 385

Lord I am pain'd, but I resign, 511
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine - - 471
Lord, I cannot let thee go - - 517
Lord, in these dark and dismal days - 346
Lord, shed a beam of heav'nly day - 390
Lord, thou with an unerring beam - 259
Lord, thy imputed righteousness - 370
Lord, we adore thy vast designs - 277
Lord, when our raptur'd thought surveys 270
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord - 243
Let Zion's watchmen all awake (*App.*) 579
Lord, we come before thee now - - 562
Lord, what a wretched land is this - 591
Mercy and judgment are my song - 144
Mine eyes and my desire - - 37
My God accept my early vows - - 209
My God, consider my distress - 182
My God, in whom are all the springs - 82
My God, my everlasting hope - 99
My God, my God, why hast thou left - 31
My God, my King, thy various praise 213
My God, permit my tongue - - 88
My God, preserve my soul - - 78
My God, the steps of pious men - 54
My God, the tempter would persuade 4
My God, what inward grief I feel - 208
My God, while impious men - - 208
My heart rejoices in thy name - 43
My never ceasing song shall show - 126
My refuge is the God of love - 13
My righteous Judge, my gracious God - 211
My Saviour, my Almighty friend - 100
My soul lies cleaving to the dust - 185
My soul of thy protection sure - 86
My soul repeat his praise - - 149
My soul thy great Creator praise - 150
My spirit looks to God alone - - 86
My trust is in my heav'nly friend - 8

HYMNS.

Methinks the last great day is come - 457
Mistaken souls, that dream of heav'n 394
Mortals, awake, with angels join - 311
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord - 313
My God, the cov'nant of thy love - 299
My God, thy service well demands - 512
My rising soul with strong desires - 377
My soul, be on thy guard - - 437
My waken'd soul extend thy wings - 456
My God! the spring of all my joys (*App.*) 555
My days, my weeks, my months (*App.*) 590
My soul forsakes her vain delight - 604
Not to ourselves who are but dust - 169
Now be my heart inspired to sing - 65
Now let our mournful songs record - 32
Now may the God of pow'r and grace 28
Now plead my cause, Almighty God - 49
Now saith the Spirit of the Lord - 3
Now shall my solemn vows be paid - 92

HYMNS.

No, I'll repine at death no more - 453
No more, my God, I boast no more - 373
Not all the blood of beasts - - 396
Not all the nobles of the earth - 375
Not all the outward forms on earth - 367
Not the malicious or profane - 379
Not to the terrors of the Lord - - 526
Now back with humble shame we look - 284
Now begin the heav'nly theme - 290
Now from the altar of our hearts - 496
Now is th' accepted time - - 361
Now let our hearts conspire to raise - 478
Now let the feeble all be strong - 507
Now let us raise our cheerful strains - 330
Now to the pow'r of God supreme - 294
Now be the gospel banner (*App.*) 578
O for a shout of sacred joy - - 68

O God of grace and righteousness - 4
O God, my refuge, hear my cries - 79
O God of my salvation, hear - - 124
O God, to whom revenge belongs - 135
O happy man, whose soul is fill'd - 194
O how I love thy holy law - - 177
O Lord how many are my foes - - 3
O Lord our heav'nly King - - 9
O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope - 51
O that the Lord would guide my ways 181
O that thy statutes ev'ry hour - 184
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry - 75
O thou whose grace and justice reign 190
O thou whose justice reigns on high 80
Our rulers, Lord, with songs of praise - 29
Out of the depths of long distress - 196
O what a stiff rebellious house - - 112

HYMNS.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we own - 305
O for a closer walk with God - 377
O for a sweet, inspiring ray - - 463
O happy day, that stays my choice - 471
O happy soul that lives on high - - 383
O if my soul was form'd of wo - 388
O Lord, my soul convicted stands - 425
O Lord, when faith with fix'd eyes - 316
O thou, from whom all goodness flows - 407
O time, how few thy value weigh - 438
O what amazing words of grace - 360
O what stupendous mercy shines - 476
O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave - 347
O Zion, tune thy voice - - 351
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness - 349
On Tabor's top the Saviour stands - 316
On the brink of fiery ruin - - 365
Once more, my soul, the rising day - 492
Our Father thron'd in heav'n divine - 400
Our heav'nly Father calls - - 376

Our Lord is ris'n from the dead - - 327
O for a heart to praise my God (*App.*) 601
O gracious Lord, whose mercies rise - 605
O in the morn of life, when youth - 595
O love divine, how sweet thou art - 565
Oh, my soul, what means this sadness 588
O that my load of sin were gone - 560
O thou, before whose gracious throne - 601
O thou, whose tender mercy hears - 559
Oh, where shall rest be found - - 569
Our souls, by love together knit - 597
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee - 90
Praise ye the Lord, all nature join - 223
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name - 200
Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join 216
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise - 218
Preserve me, Lord, in time of need - 18

HYMNS.

Peace! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand 449
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan 362
Pity a helpless sinner, Lord - - 391
Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair - 292
Pray'r is the soul's sincere desire - 401
Pray'r was appointed to convey - 403
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet - 390
People of the living God (*App.*) 603
Pleasing spring is here again - 585
Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord - 45
Rejoice ye shining worlds on high - 35
Remember Lord, our mortal state - 129
Return, O God of love, return - 131

HYMNS.

Raise, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye 424
Rejoice, believer, in the Lord - 380
Rejoice, the Lord is King - - 533
Rejoice, ye nations of the world - 352
Rejoice, ye saints, in ev'ry state - 298
Religion is the chief concern - 513

Repent! the voice celestial cries - 386
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest - 480
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground 255
Return, my roving heart, return (*App.*) 561
Return, O wanderer, return - - 547
Salvation is for ever nigh - - 121
Shine on our land, Jehovah shine - 93
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive - 74
Sing all ye nations to the Lord - 92
Sing to the Lord aloud - - - 116
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name - 137
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands - 139
Songs of immortal praise belong - 165
Soon as I heard my Father say - - 39
Sure there's a righteous God - 103
Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace - 214
Sweet is the work, my God, my King 134

HYMNS.

Safely through another week - 479
Saints, at your heav'nly Father's word - 516
Salvation! O the joyful sound - 293
See, gracious Lord, before thy throne - 501
See how the boasting Pharisee - 520
See how the rising sun - - - 493
Seek, my soul, the narrow gate - 458
Self-righteous souls on works rely - 527
Shall o'er the shadow of a change - 257
Shepherd of Israel, thou dost keep - 470
Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes - 307
Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns - 344
Sin, like a venomous disease - 288
Sing to the Lord most high - - 246
Sinners, obey the gospel word - 355
Sinners, rejoice, 'tis Christ that died - 321
Sinners, this solemn truth regard - 365
Sinners, the voice of God regard - 356
So let our lips and lives express - 380
Softly now the light of day - - 498

Sov'reign of all the worlds on high - 374
Sov'reign of life, we own thy hand - 504
Sov'reign Ruler of the skies - - 279
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears - 435
Stern winter throws his icy chains - 488
Stoop down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise 447
Stretch'd on the cross, the Saviour dies 320
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing - 322
Saviour, visit thy plantation - - 593
Say, sinner, hath a voice within - 547
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands - 564
Sinner, art thou still secure? - 545
Sinners! we are sent to bid you - - 563
Teach me the measure of my days - 57
Th' Almighty reigns exalted, high - 141
Th' eternal Son with pow'r array'd - 2
The heathen know thy glory, Lord - 139
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord 27
The King of saints, how fair his face - 65
The least, the feeblest of thy sheep - 187
The Lord appears my helper now - 171
The Lord for ever guards the just - 48
The Lord in Zion plac'd his throne - 199
The Lord is come; thé heav'ns proclaim 140
The Lord Jehovah reigns - - 142
The Lord my shepherd is - - 34
The Lord of glory is my light - 38
The Lord, the Judge, before his throne - 72
The Lord, the sov'reign King - 150
The man is ever blest - - - 1
The wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought 60
Thee will I love, O Lord my strength 21
There is a God, all nature cries - 77
This is the day the Lord hath made - 173
This spacious earth is all the Lord's 34
Thou art my portion, O my God - 175
Thou God of love, thou ever blest - 187
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known 206

Through ev'ry age, eternal God - 129
Thus I resolv'd before the Lord - 56
Thus saith the Lord: the spacious fields 73
Thus the eternal Father spake - - 163
Thus were the tribes from bondage freed 156
Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord - 179
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord - 160
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand 90
To God I cried with mournful voice 109
To God I made my sorrows known - 210
To God, the great, the ever blest - 156
To our Almighty Maker, God - - 141
To thee before the dawning light - 175
To thee most high and holy God - 107
To thee, O Lord, I raise my cries - 40
To thine almighty arm we owe - - 25
To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes - 188
'Twas for my sake, eternal God - 97

HYMNS.

Thankless the prodigal receives - 519
The billows swell, the winds are high - 505
The blest memorials of thy grief - 420
The broken bread, the blessed cup - 414
The day is past and gone - - 497
The eye of God is ev'ry where - - 260
The flow'ry spring at God's command 486
The God of love will sure indulge - 450
The gold and silver are the Lord's - 475
The grave is now a favour'd spot - 446
The great Invisible Unknown - 258
The holy law to Israel giv'n - - 429
The King of heav'n his table spreads 415
The law of God is just - - - 423
The Lord, the God of glory reigns - 259
The Lord who truly knows - - 403
The moment a sinner believes - 399
The righteousness, th' atoning blood - 531
The Saviour calls, let ev'ry ear - 359

The Saviour! O what endless charms - 304
The Saviour with inviting voice - 409
The Spirit breathes upon the word - 249
The summer harvest spreads the field 488
The time is short, the season near - 439
The winter past, reviving flow'rs - 451
Thee we adore, eternal name - - 440
There is a God, all nature speaks - 253
There is a land of pure delight - - 463
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love 483
This is the word of truth and love - 252
Thou art the way—to thee alone - 527
Thou didst, O mighty God exist - 254
Thou lovely source of true delight - 427
Though troubles assail - - - 275
Thrice happy man whose heart is stay'd 386
Through all the various shifting scene - 277
Thus far my God hath led me on - 506
Thus saith the first, the great command 423
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord - 408
Thus speaks the high and lofty One - 531
Thy names how infinite they be - 256
Thy presence, gracious God, afford - 483
Thy providence, great God, we praise 485
'Tis finish'd—so the Saviour cried - 322
'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow - 317
To God I cried when troubles rose - 381
To God, the only wise - - 381
To God, the universal King - - 243
To Jesus, our exalted Lord - - 412
To praise the ever-bounteous Lord - 487
To thee let my first off'rings rise - 494
To thee, who reign'st supreme above - 503
To us a child is born from heav'n - 308
Triumphant Zion! lift thy head - 345
'Twas by an order from the Lord - 247
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night - 411
'Twas the commission of the Lord - 407

That awful day will surely come (*App.*) 572
That day of wrath, that dreadful day 571
The Christian would not have his lot - 540
The Lord our God is cloth'd with might 538
The Lord will happiness divine - 559
The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake 572
The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain - - - - 549
There is a fountain fill'd with blood - 541
There is an hour of peaceful rest - 575
This world's a dreary wilderness - 589
Tho' parents may in cov'nant be - 595
Thro' sorrow's night, and danger's path 544
'Tis a point I long to know - - 599
'Tis finish'd! the conflict is past - 568
To Jesus the crown of my hope - 575
Up from my youth may Israel say - 195
Upward I lift mine eyes - - - 189

HYMNS.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb - 451
Vain man on foolish pleasures bent - 159
Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord - 153

HYMNS.

Vain are the hopes, the sons of men - 371
Vital spark of heav'nly flame (*App.*) 571
We bless the Lord, the just, the good 95
We love the Lord and we adore - 24
What shall I render to my God - - 170
When Christ to Judgment shall descend 73
When God is nigh my faith is strong 19
When God provok'd with daring crimes 161
When God restor'd our captive state 192
When God reveal'd his gracious name - 193
When I with pleasing wonder stand 207
When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand 168
When Israel sinn'd the Lord reprov'd - 113
When man grows bold in sin - 50
When overwhelm'd with grief - 85

When pain and anguish seize me, Lord 185
When Pharaoh dar'd to vex his saints - 155
When the great Judge, supreme and just 11
Where shall the man be found - 36
Where shall we go to seek and find - 197
While I keep silence and conceal - 44
Who shall ascend thy heav'nly place - 18
Who will arise and plead my right - 136
Why did the heathen madly rage - 2
Why do the wealthy wicked boast - 53
Why doth the Lord depart so far - 12
Why doth the man of riches grow - 70
Why, O my soul, why thus deprest - 62
Why should the mighty make their boast 76
Why should I vex my soul and fret - 52
Will God for ever cast us off - - 105
With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue 205
With my whole heart I raise my song 10
With my whole heart I've sought thy face 182
With rev'rence let the saints appear - 126
With songs and honours sounding loud - 219
Writhing in pain our Saviour pray'd 32

HYMNS.

War, horrid war, deep-stain'd in blood - 500
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will - 274
We bless the Prophet of the Lord - 334
Welcome, sweet day of rest - - 482
Well, the Redeemer's gone - - 333
What finite pow'r with ceaseless toil 256
What have I in this barren land - 462
What language now salutes the ear - 361
What strange perplexities arise - - 412
What various hind'rances we meet - 402
When blooming youth is snatch'd away - 449
When gath'ring clouds around I view 509
When Hannah, press'd with grief - 404
When I can read my title clear - 510
When I survey the wondrous cross - 321

When I the lonely tomb survey - 325
When in the cloud with colours fair - 297
When Israel's sons, a murm'ring race 525
When Israel through the desert pass'd - 249
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay - 476
When, Lord, to this our western land - 467
When some kind shepherd from his fold 523
When the first parents of our race - 289
When we are rais'd from deep distress 511
Where is my God? does he retire - 401
Where shall we sinners hide our heads 378
Wherefore should man, frail child of clay 513
Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near - 371
While life prolongs its precious light 362
While o'er our guilty land, O Lord - 500
Why should a living man complain - 508
Why should the children of a King - 341
Why should we start and fear to die 443
Why will ye lavish out your years - 357
With holy fear and humble song - 465
With humble faith and fervent zeal - 472
Witness, ye men and angels, now - 470
Watchman, tell us of the night (*App.*) 577
Welcome, delightful morn - - 583
When all thy mercies, O my God - 539
When bending o'er the brink of life - 538
When darkness long has veil'd my mind 566
When languor and disease invade - 592
When marshall'd on the nightly plain 542
When verdure clothes the fertile vale - 584
Where two or three with sweet accord 600
While with ceaseless course the sun - 586
Why is my heart so far from thee - 561
Would you win a soul to God - - 579
Ye servants of th' Almighty King - 167
Ye sons of men, a feeble race - - 135
Ye sons of pride that hate the just - 71

Ye that obey th' immortal King - - 200
Ye tribes of Adam join - - 220
Yet saith the Lord, if David's race - 128

HYMNS.

Ye dying sons of men - - 358
Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm - 528
Ye humble saints, proclaim abroad - 262
Ye humble souls, approach your God - 264
Ye lovely bands of blooming youth - 528
Ye saints, proclaim abroad - - 311
Ye servants of the Lord - - 433
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor - 414
Yes, I would love thee, blessed God 425
Yes, my native land, I love thee - 353
Yes, the Redeemer rose - - - 324
Your harps, ye trembling saints - 399
Ye glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu (*App.*) 602
Zion! the marvellous story be telling - 313

75 cts